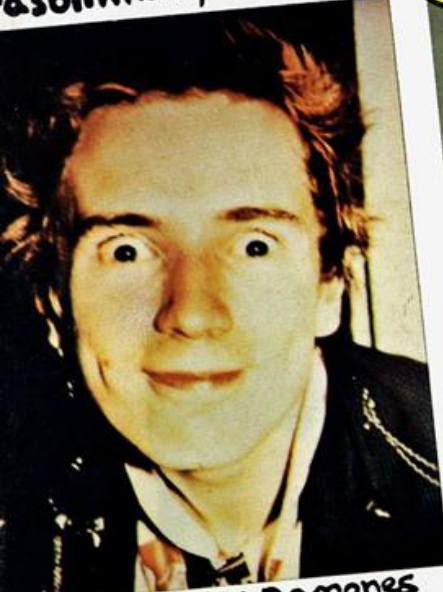


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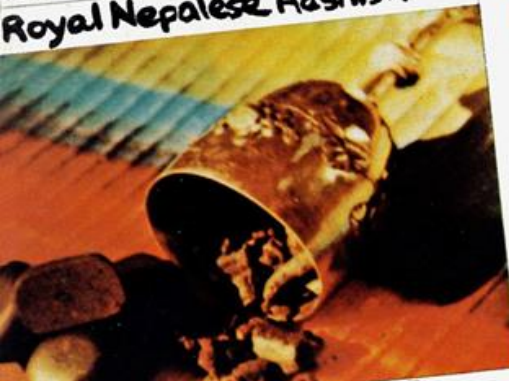
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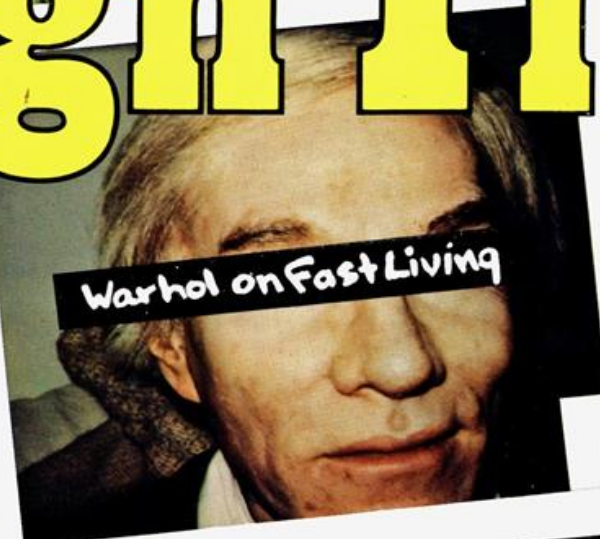
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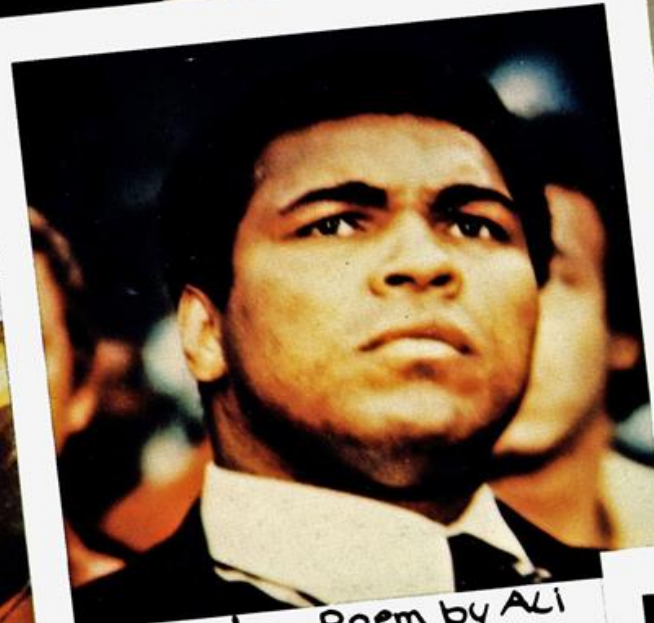
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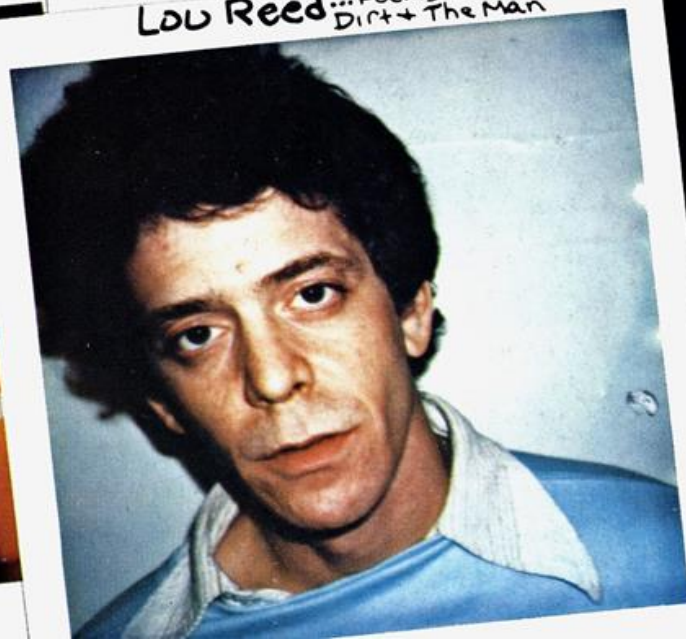


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Concorde... Poem by Ali

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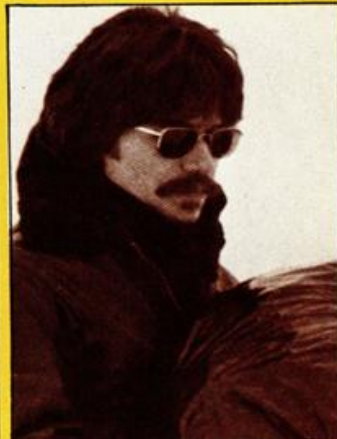
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High Times

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July 1978 • No. 35 • High Times is published monthly by Trans-High Corporation • Mail subscriptions (payable in U.S. funds) to Box 965, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735 • Subscriptions in the United States: 12 issues for \$16, 24 issues for \$29 • In Canada: 12 issues for \$18, 24 issues for \$33 • In South America, West Indies and Caribbean: 12 issues for \$30 • In Europe: 12 issues for \$37 • In Africa, Asia and Middle East: 12 issues for \$45 • Send all mail to High Times, Box 386 Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003 • Offices at 116 East 27th St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (no mail to this address) • Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices • Manuscripts must be accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope • All contributions will be carefully considered, but the publisher and editors assume no responsibility for loss or injury to unsolicited material • Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.



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Opinion

Why I Love to Live Fast



Christopher Makos

First of all, it's best to be born fast, because it hurts, and it's best to die fast, because it hurts, but I think if you were born and died within that minute, that would be the best life, because the priest says that way you're guaranteed to go to heaven. He says you're born to die. "Born to die"—you could write a song about it.

I know that I love to live fast because all my favorite things are the fastest—the new Polaroid Super 8 movie camera, the Roy Rogers Family-Style Restaurants, pushbutton telephones, Xerox machines, my Konica cameras and Sony tape recorders, the Concorde, drive-in movies (because you can go in your pajamas). And my favorite person is Tom Seaver, because he pitches the fast ball and he gave me the fast bat I'm holding in this picture taken by the fastest photographer in America.

Ever since I was a kid I've wanted to live as fast as I could, so I always try to find ways to do things faster: I like to sleep fast, that's when you just snooze, and I like to love fast, that's when you just have a one-night affair (but remember, a fast person can never have any kind of relationship with a slow person). And I really like Swanson's TV dinners when you have friends over, because there are no greasy dishes to think about afterwards. When I get up in the morning, it doesn't take me any time to get ready for work because I wear the same thing every day. So uniforms are great, and the fastest uniform today is the jumpsuit: you just jump in it, jump out the door and jump to work.

Some people complain that you should have slow sex—like in India I heard that it takes 14 hours—but then they have all these problems with, what do they call it, premature ejaculation? See, I always thought that was the best kind. You should never even get it in before you come. I mean, you might be able to get to the point where you just shoot it inside your pants thinking about it, and that would really be the best.

Frankly, in my opinion, there's nothing it's good to do slow, so the only thing is, how to live fast if you live slow? I don't know anyone who takes amphetamines anymore, but you could hang around girls who take diet pills, because they'll get you nervous and jittery and that makes you go fast. Or just hang around people who yell at you—that makes you go fast. But what really makes you go fast is if you knit: you never can stop once you get started, and it teaches you that it's best to keep doing something all the time because that way you live faster and faster. I paint faster now, because I use a sponge, and I make movies faster, but I think new movies will be even faster, like only half an hour. I mean, for me time goes by so fast I find myself asking everybody on Friday if it's still Monday.

Funnily enough, America isn't the fastest country. They live faster in Japan, but the Japanese are such completely different people you can't make any comparisons. And anyway, fast Americans are the most glamorous people: they do more, see more, learn more and get more money because they get fast money. I love to live fast, because then you don't have to think about anything. For example, writing this took me four minutes—which is the time it takes to eat a Big Mac—so I did it in my lunch minutes, and I was glad because, instead of just eating and talking to the kids in the office about my problems, I was eating and writing an article for High Times, so I got more done and made more money and felt better faster. And that's what we're here for, isn't it?

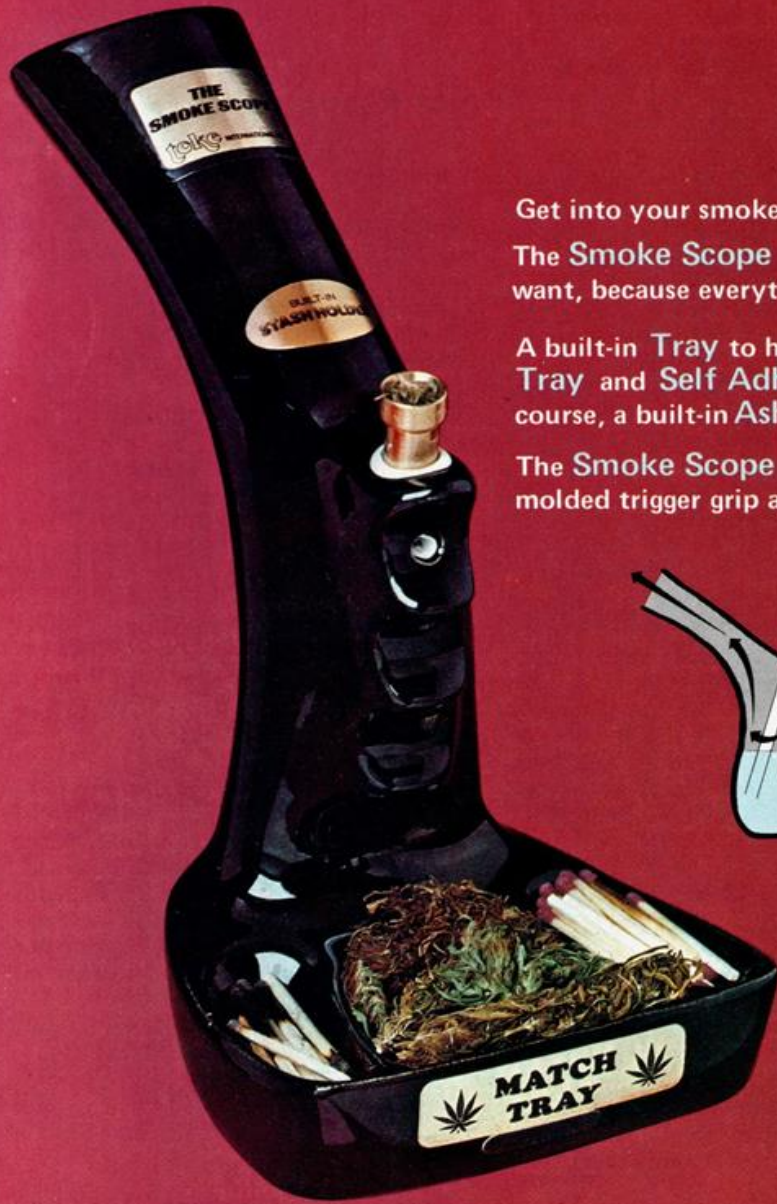
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Our Unbroken Trust

High Times did not fink on the Finca Las Mercedes when we published a map of the world-famous pot plantation on page 38 of Albert Goldman's "Outlaw Strongholds of Colombia" (April '78). It will always be our policy to protect the people on the front lines of the cannabis trade; we assure you that there has been no breach of the unique trust this magazine holds with those brave men and women. However, we do apologize to concerned readers for failing to note the map in question was a dated version of the present, flourishing operation obtained by *High Times* from secret DEA files through the Freedom of Information Act. Fortunately, nobody except the present owners of the Finca Las Mercedes (whomever they might be) know its present layout.

Acid Agist

Congratulations on your coverage of the Santa Cruz acid symposium [*High Times*, "LSD: A Generation Later," February '78]. There's been a lot of talk about the Sixties coming back and not enough about that old Sixties acid coming back with them. Take it from a veteran acidhead, you can stick the nostalgia without the ongoing psychedelic revolution. I'm reassured to find that my faith in a New Acid Age is finally paying off. Welcome back, kids.

—The Old Acidhead, Vincennes, Ill.

Endicott Peabody Writes

Young Mr. McNeil's account of matutinal osculation [*High Times*, "Drying Out," February '78] ex post facto, as it were, struck me like a sobering waft of alcohobonic breath. However, his description of "punk rock" music reminded me of what His Grace the Duke of Wellington said of the first railroad in 1834: "It only causes the lower classes to move about needlessly."

—Endicott Peabody, Sutton Place, N.Y.C.

Dope Terror

How is it that your photographer happens to be on hand for the assassination of a Colombian soldier [*High Times*, "Side-

show," February '78]? Are you on some terrorist's advance list, or maybe *High Times* arranged the assassination? Or could it be that the two pictures are totally unrelated? An explanation is owed: there's enough gratuitous violence around these days without seeing it in *High Times*. —A. Landreux, New Orleans, La.

News Editor A. Craig Copetas replies: *The pictures are all too real. While reporting on a joint Army-National Police raid into the Guajira, a High Times correspondent took several pictures of Cp. Jorge Vargas, promising the soldier copies if he was allowed to snap some "unofficial" scenes around the busted finca.*

They arranged to meet later at a Santa Marta bodega to make the transaction. Our man arrived first and ordered coffee; seconds later, before dozens of horrified onlookers, Vargas was blown off his bicycle by six automatic shots to the face. Our man left his coffee and took the photo in question. As for the allegations of assassination for copy, we are not in the business of death. We leave that to the bad guys.

Brought to You by...

Did you know that the PDR (*Physicians' Desk Reference*) is nothing more than a compilation of paid advertising purchased by the major brand-name companies? I learned about this in the book *Pills, Profits, and Politics* by Silverman and Lee (University of California Press). Users of the PDR should be aware of this bias, despite its value for identifying strange pills. —Pamela Knight, Burlington, Vt.

A Bit of the Ol' Yin-Yang

Thank you for the imaginative article on sex in aristocratic China [*High Times*, "Sex," November '77]. However, I am afraid you've missed the essence of prerevolution sexuality entirely, that being V.D. While treaty port culture did have its steamy and exotic attributes, its daily experience was actually seamy and very depressive.

We must not forget the dark and disease-ridden yang aspect of sexuality that dominated the period. *High Times* should consider a follow-up article concerning sexuality in postliberation China as well.

—A Maoist Toker

Processed Beef

I am impressed with the article dealing with "self health" [*High Times*, "Natural Living," November '77] and would like to offer an additional thought. Due to food processing, America's population is plagued with obesity and ulcers. The

processing of food takes out all of the fiber in the food source. As a result, Americans consume and absorb excess calories that are then converted into excess adipose.

Studies of African natives with high fibrous diets have found considerably fewer instances of peptic ulcers. Although several factors affect the growth of an ulcer and the cause of obesity, these findings should not be overlooked.

—Richard Clemmons, Manhattan, Kans.

Not Responsible

It came to my attention that I was designated personally as a source for the analysis of herbicides (paraquat in particular) on marijuana in the January '78 issue of *High Times* (page 40, "HighWitness News"). Even if I were willing to analyze all samples sent to me for the presence of paraquat, I would be unable to do so because the actual analyses are not done at the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA) and are not performed by me personally.

Your readers may be disappointed in not being able to get a check on their stash and could be jeopardizing themselves legally since I have no legal means of protecting the identity of individuals who submit samples to this federal agency.

—Richard Hawks, Ph.D.,
Research Technology Branch, NIDA

Making Book

I am writing a book on the personal dimensions of marijuana, dealing with such things as why people smoke, what part marijuana plays in their lives and how, exactly, it has affected them. I would appreciate hearing from people—anonously, if they prefer—who might contribute interesting anecdotes, insights or observations. Thank you.

—B. Novak, 98 Professor's Row,
Medford, Mass. 02155

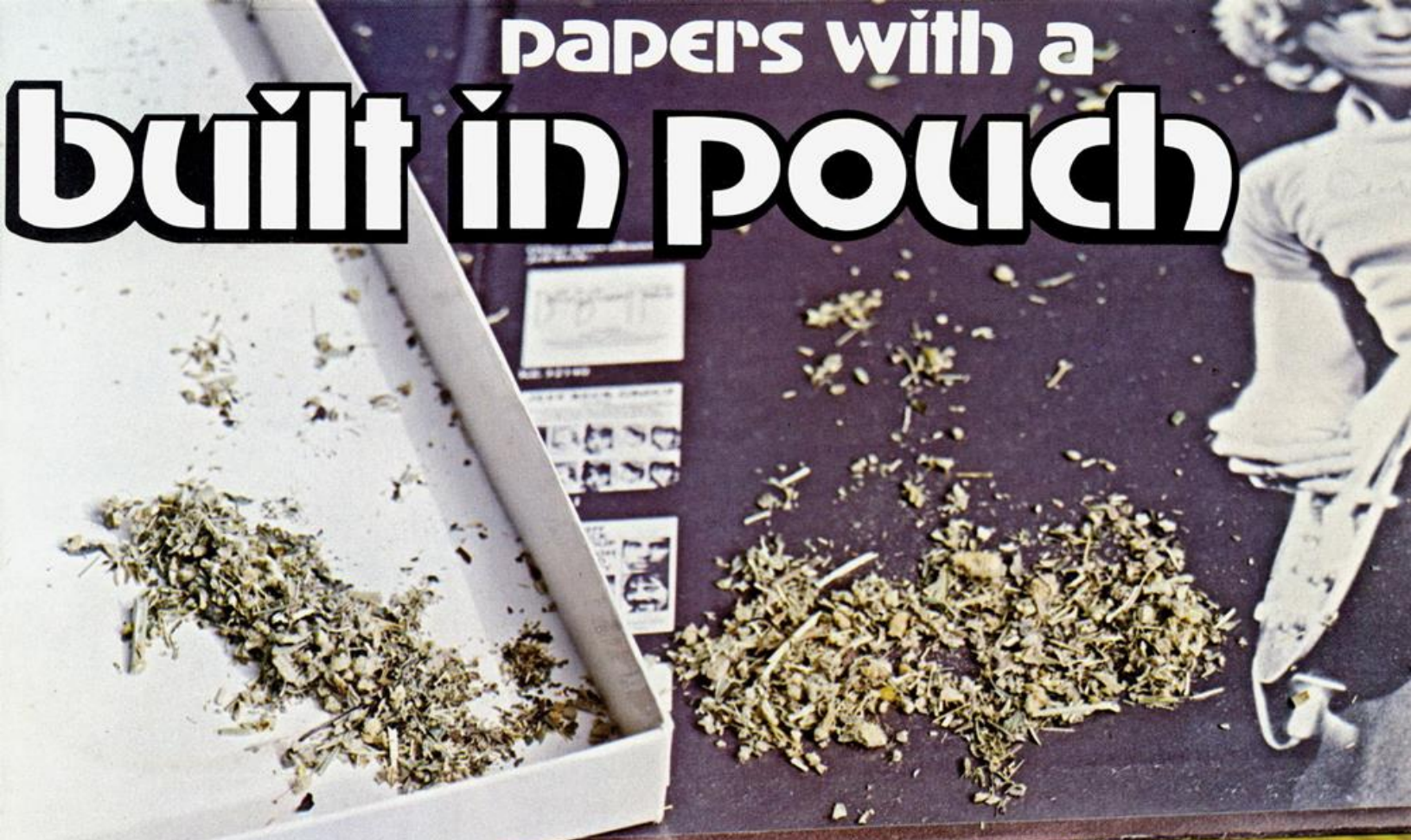
Disco Slipped

When I started to read Albert Goldman's article on disco [*High Times*, December '77], I thought it was satire. Imagine my surprise as I realized that it wasn't. Fortunately, Albert himself helped define the problem: "Disco is the machine... the ideal dancer would be a robot."

Does Goldman (like Warhol) wish to be a machine? I do not! I think Albert got confused by all those bright lights—man's machines are only extensions of man, not man himself. Rock, with all its hang-ups and commercialism, is still a reflection of humanity. Disco is a fake, warped image of man; it reflects neither mind nor body—only the sand.

—Joe Weber, St. Leo, Fla. ☐

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Antibaby Boom

Q: Reports of cancer risk among users of the pill have made me interested in a new contraceptive called Encare. I've heard it's a vaginal suppository that's been used in Europe and is just now being sold in the United States. Can you tell me how well it works and whether or not it's dangerous? —Kathy Shakley, Modesto, Ca.

A: Encare Ovals are basically a diaphragm without a diaphragm, which can be inserted easily up to two hours in advance so as not to interrupt anything important. They effervesce for about 30 minutes, forming a layer of foam across the cervix, and they contain no hormones, relying instead on a spermicide called nonoxynol 9. This chemical, used in many other gels and creams, has been approved by the Food and Drug Administration for 20 years and is not yet known to cause any cancer or other diseases. A tiny fraction of users feel an intolerable burning sensation from it, but most either don't notice it or experience only a pleasant warmth.

The product, developed in West Germany by Merz and Company, has been marketed in many European countries for five years with no other adverse effects noted. A recent survey of 10,000 West German users established a success rate of 99 percent—that is, one woman out of 100 became pregnant per year of use. This compares well with the efficiency of diaphragm, condom or IUD.

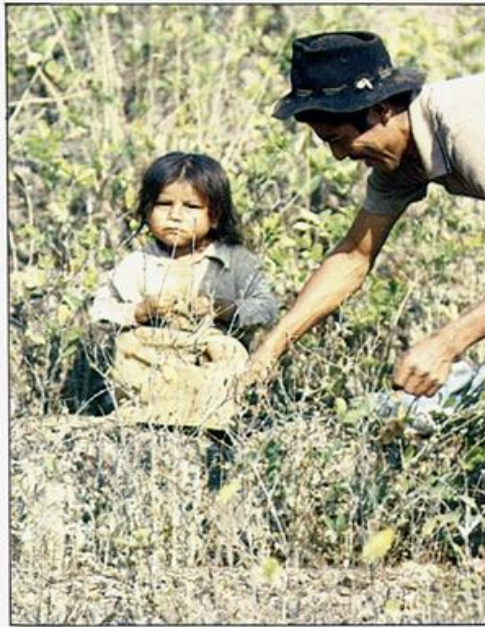
Grow Your Own Blow

Q: While hiking through the nearby mountains, I started thinking how similar the terrain is to the Andes and wondered if I could grow coca here. Can you give me some tips on cultivation and procuring seeds? —Name withheld, Denver, Colo.

A: In the United States, you'll need a greenhouse, since nowhere except central Puerto Rico has a suitable climate. The little red berries with the seed in the center are available only where coca is grown—in the Andean foothills between the altitudes of 1,500 and 6,000 feet.

The plants must have high humidity and temperatures of about 65 degrees Fahrenheit all year round. Frost will kill them, while tropical heat lowers the cocaine content. The soil must be free of

limestone, and the shrubs thrive in the infertile red clay of the Andes. Plants are started from seeds or cuttings, then transplanted after six months to a year when



Tim Ross

they're 18 inches tall. They reach a mature 12 feet in five years, but are usually pruned to a more manageable height.

A good plant can be harvested three times a year for four ounces of leaves (1.6 ounces after drying). That comes out to over a ton of dried leaves per acre each year, if you have a conservatory that big.

Female Domination

Q: All my life I've loved the idea of being dominated by a woman during sex, tied to a bed and fucked silly, in other words—the whole bondage and discipline trip. Trouble is, I've never found a woman who was interested; in fact, the one I'm currently with is revolted by the idea. Can you give me any advice? —Larry J., Secaucus, N.J.

A: You might try explaining to your partner that you want it that way because you revere her body above all things. Point out that many women find it easier to reach orgasm when they take control, and it's a great opportunity for her to get some long-term cunnilingus. If she doesn't go for it, you should reevaluate her value as a sex mate.

Record Care

Q: There are so many products and conflicting claims about taking care of records that I don't know what to believe. Can you tell me how to make my treasured sounds last?

—Alvina Sparks, Springfield, Ill.

A: Keep records out of direct sunlight or heat, store them vertically and avoid commercial record sprays or silicone cloths. Don't exhale on them; smoke of any sort plays havoc with the surface. And don't play them over and over; after

a couple plays, let a side rest a day or so. Large amounts of crud can be removed with warm soapy water and a soft cloth, but don't do this unnecessarily. A good cartridge and diamond stylus are essential, and the needle should be checked for wear with a microscope every six months.

Annoying snaps, crackles and pops can be avoided by preventing the build-up of static electricity on the vinyl. A little dampness helps and can be achieved by gluing a sponge inside the dustcover and keeping it moist. The best antistatic product today is Sound Guard, made by the Ball Corporation, a disc treatment costing about a quarter per album.

Kirlian Plants

Q: I figure marijuana must broadcast a really intense aura, but I've never seen it because I don't have access to a Kirlian photography apparatus. Do you have any photos of pot auras you can show us?

—David Sebastian, Golmore, N.D.

A: Sure, here's a robust leaf in full astral glory, and below it is a resinous bud.



Ronnie Sunshine/Biofeedback Instrument Co. of New York

Controlled Substances

Q: I have five or six books on legal highs, but it seems whenever I order something, the company tells me it's prohibited. I want to know which ones are still legit. Can you publish the complete list of federally outlawed highs?

—Marc Vitaldas, Amarillo, Tex.

A: The list is far too long to reproduce here, but a mere 60¢ will get you a copy of the entire law. Ask for Federal Regulation Title 21, the Controlled Substances Act of 1971, from the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402.

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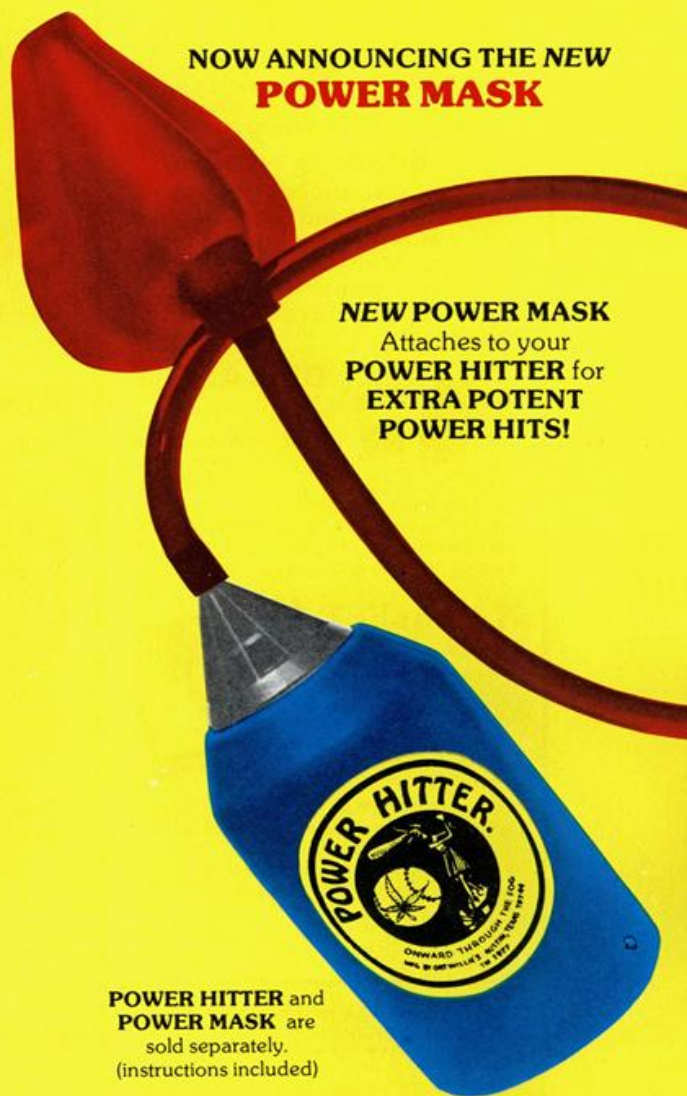
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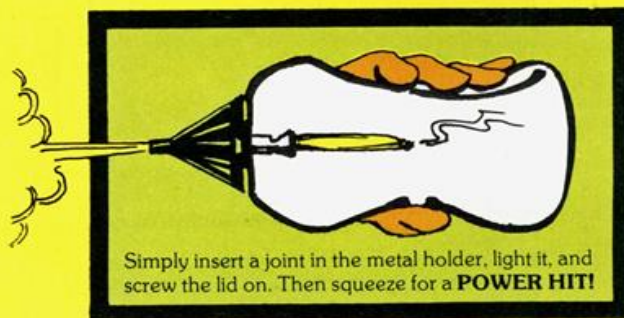
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smelling like the tropics. The smoke was cool, tasty and hard hitting.

—Name withheld, Stowe, Vt.

Another Dog Photo

Who says that smoking pot leaves no harmful side effects? I used to be a normal, happy, all-American teenager till the



weed turned me into the woeful sight you see here. —Alan Hyams, Fairlawn, N.J. That's interesting, Al, turning into a desk lamp like that. By the way, who's the dog?—Ed.

Call to Arms

Me and my friends in the navy all support federal decrim. Since it ain't easy to show



your affections when you're in uniform all the time, I decided to wear my heart under my sleeve instead of on it.

—Sailing Stoned, Guam

Bush-League Poet

The beauties you see here prompted me to compose the following ode: I think that I shall never smoke / a bush that made



more lovely smoke / These golden buds are my delight / and did I do this quatrain right? —Name withheld, Anaheim, Ca.

Yellow Fever

My golden-hued grass has been upstaged by these lip-smackin' chunks of primo



blond hash. They look like something a freak at Hershey's dreamed up. It melts in your mind, not in your pipe.

—Name withheld, Ann Arbor, Mich.

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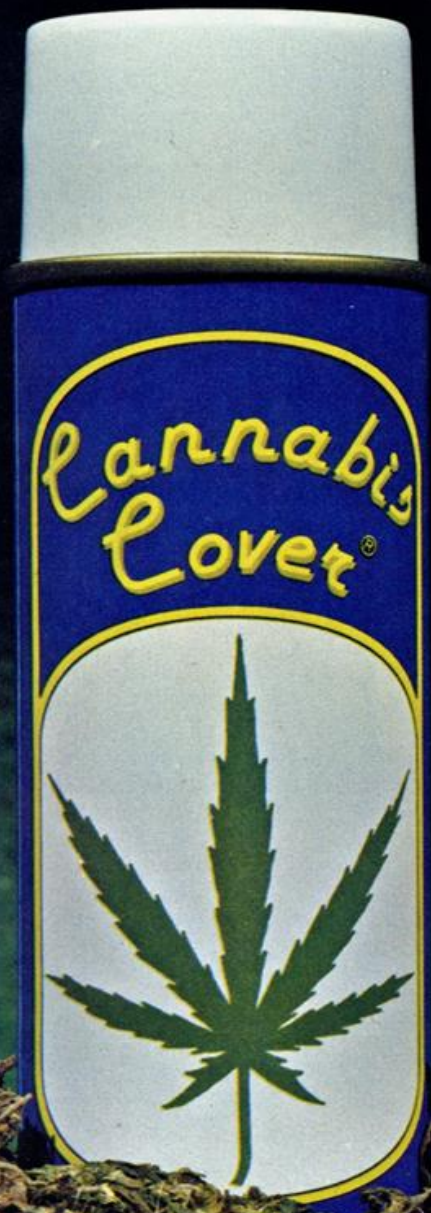


together. They smoke like a breeze and taste like a dream!

—Spencer Ren, Lulu, La. ☐

These are some of the contenders in the High Times Dope Photography Contest. More entries will be published in this column as the contest progresses.

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Diffuse Ruminations upon the Epiphenomenon of Sexiness

by **Deanne Stillman**

Do men find women in low-cut blouses sexy? Are women turned on by men with hairy chests? Are WASPs sexually attracted to Jews? Is money an aphrodisiac? What's so sexy about Vitas Gerulaitis? What do you think of when you hear someone described as a "coed"? If power's such a turn-on, how did Henry Kissinger wind up with a woman who looks like the rear end of a Studebaker? And what's the big idea?

Well, yes and no. What with the popularity of the flat-chested Farrah Fawcett-Majors, the clean-cut robotic look of Peter Frampton and Olivia Newton-John, cadaverous mannequins in department-store windows, the antisexuality of punk rock and queer bars called "The Toilet," sexiness today is no longer a simple matter of bust lines and virility. It's not even a simple matter of early-Seventies androgyny, which has fortunately passed into an early senility along with Mick Jagger and David Bowie. But men and women must be doing *something* for sex appeal, otherwise the cosmetics and garment industries would have long since gone bankrupt.

To get to the bottom of this biological mishmash, I recently undertook a very nonscientific survey of friends, acquaintances and even a few strangers, asking them for answers to the queries "What's

sexy these days?", "Who do you think is sexy?" and "What the hell do you mean?"

"Nothing is sexy these days," sighed one woman, dressed in jeans and a clinging silk shirt. "It's tough to be sexy. I used to have long hair and that was sexy."

"I like wearing sexy lingerie," said a sleek-looking typist (female). "Although a few years ago I was completely repelled by the idea. Also, I'm into shaving now. I didn't shave my arms or legs for a long time. Not shaving used to be considered sexy. And back in the paranoid Sixties, if you didn't have armpit hair, you were probably a cop."

Now that cops look like everybody else (and vice versa), shaving has no social significance. But looking "good" (sexy) or "bad" (sexy) does, depending on your point of view. Now it's okay for a woman to dye her hair, get a permanent, wear flouncy dresses and silk stockings and demurely show off her body: the New Romanticism it's called. At the same time, it's okay to wear used clam diggers, worn-out spike heels and filthy shirts stitched together with safety pins (which

**Today men want to talk
like Bogie and have
women like Lauren Bacall.**

seems to remove the possibility of heavy petting); the punk look it's called, and even Macy's is selling it.

Celebrity sex objects, at any given time, set the mode for the rest of us. Several women I spoke to think Diane Keaton is sexy. All the rage on campus this year is the Annie Hall look. In the movie, the lanky, frenetically vapid Keaton dresses in baggy wool pants, sloppy hats, formless peasant skirts, ill-fitting sweaters and scarves knitted by grandma. "I just like the way she moves," explained one woman, trying to affect a certain Annie Hall giddiness. Critic John Simon has described Keaton's acting technique as "nervous breakdown on camera."

On the other hand, not one man said



Dick Kranzler

that he thinks Woody Allen is sexy. If they could get away with it (and Woody Allen has tried), most of 'em would go around talking like Humphrey Bogart in *Casablanca*—in fact, too often they do. And they'd like their women to act, and perhaps look, like Lauren Bacall. "She was the ultimate hard-nosed tease," reported one would-be tough guy. "My idea of a sexy broad is one who plays hard to get but looks like Jane Fonda in *Barbarella*."

It's noteworthy that no one I spoke with mentioned the great lovers and sex symbols of the screen, like Taylor and Burton, Mastroianni and Loren, Marilyn Monroe, Raquel Welch, even Lina Wertmüller's discovery in *Swept Away*, Giancarlo Giannini. Nobody seemed to refer to the Sixties brand of sexuality, when big, burly Black Panthers incited crowds of white women to chant "Pussy Power"; when Grace Slick belted out acid visions to halls crammed with sex-crazed trippers; when Abbie Hoffman said, "The only alliance I would make with the women's movement is in bed"; when the lusty John Kennedy had all sorts of women clamoring for a part in Camelot.

In fact, the man who, in my informal survey, got the most votes for sheer sexiness these days turned out to be Clint Eastwood. In these gals' estimation, old Dirty Harry is near perfect. His only flaw is that he occasionally tries to talk. "A man's got to know his limitations" and "There are two kinds of people in the world: those who wear the spurs and those who don't" are a couple of his brighter utterances.

One woman I know—to tell you the truth, it's me—thinks there's a certain sexiness about none other than Johnny Carson. Maybe it's the endearing way he breaks his pencils in half when he runs out of things to say, maybe it's that deep, Hollywood-tennis-player's tan...I guess he just has that certain *je ne sais quoi*, if you get my drift. But it's too bad he doesn't look a little tougher. Now, if only Clint Eastwood would put on a Johnny Carson suit....

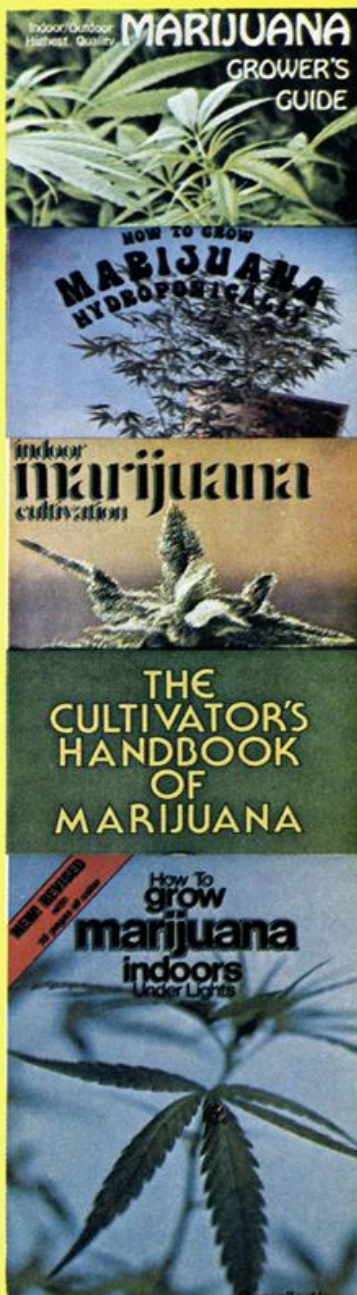
As for the female winner in this category, there were many. Every man I polled seemed to have his own fetish and his own cult object. Some prefer French actresses "like Jeanne Moreau," others—mainly from New York's Upper West Side—get all steamed up over the cerebral sexuality of Liv Ullmann and a few go gaga over Jackie Bissett. Then there's the other Jackie, whose sex appeal mysteriously endures (and who will be played by Bissett in the movie *Dolores*), and, let me see, Wonder Woman (who recently moved to prime time because so many middle-aged men were tuning in to her 38-inch bazoos) and, lest we forget, the irresistible Fanne Foxe and Elizabeth Ray—the kind of women our elected representatives risk their careers for.

Well, there's just no accounting for taste, is there? ☐

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The World's Most Exciting Magazines

by Gilbert Choate

What makes some magazines sell out the day they hit the newsstands, each copy passing from reader to reader like sacred relics, old issues changing hands for prices way above the numbers printed on their covers, their impatient subscribers rushing to check their mailboxes every day, firing off angry letters to editors if the magazine comes a day late, loyally inspecting the masthead of every issue to spot minute changes in personnel and generally behaving as loyally as a detachment of doomed but determined French legionnaires? Why do other magazines come out month after month and sit on the newsstands and make you wonder why you've never met anyone in your whole life who reads them and how they can possibly still be in business and why such terrible ideas for magazines manage to claim their share of timber?

There are many answers. Vivid writing, like this, clearly accounts for the success of *High Times*, yet surely there's something else. Some obsessive need that the magazine fills and is totally dedicated to and which is so important to our readers that they will brave rain and sleet and dark of night to obtain a copy hereof. Alas, there are only a few such magazines around. One is the **Poor Man's Armorer**.

Bonnie Barrow (her husband Clyde is on the staff, too) recently sent me some copies of the **PMA**, a handsome tabloid, commenting upon "your magazine's good taste and very handy hideout numbers. The Armorer has all kinds of weapons and related items for everyone to make at home, and you needn't be a shop whiz either. Protection of you and your family and home, without paying fantastically high prices for what's necessary, is what's in the PMA. Hope you like it."

PMA calls itself "the only magazine of improvised weaponry," which means zip guns and the like. There are also articles on crossbows, black-powder guns, 22-caliber pistols, blowguns and many other possibilities. Clyde Barrow writes that there is no one single "best weapon": "This is like declaring Levis to be the ultimate survival trousers, as if one expected to spend

eternity in that one pair of pants."

PMA gives plans for the making of home mortars, bazookas, rockets, bolas, flash-bulb eye-poppers, spear guns and many other useful instruments and tools of survival, among them the toy gas-powered cannon and sundry knives and silencers, not to mention fragmentation grenades, bulletproof vests, time-release gas generators ("hours and hours of deadly chlorine gas for a couple of dollars and five minutes work"), body armor and even home-built guided missiles ("Ridiculous? Not really. The principle is relatively simple. The model-plane industry produces most of the materials needed at reasonable cost. What a great father-and-son project for these long summer evenings. The radio-controlled model plane comes of age in the world of lasers and computers"), as well as simple briefcase weapons systems for the busy executive. You too can survive, possibly forever, by

Captain Jack's Tattoo Review is an altogether ambitious undertaking: a full-sized magazine of tattoo art, all unfortunately in black and white.

subscribing to the **Poor Man's Armorer**: send a check or money order for \$10 for 12 issues (one year) to Atlan's PMA, P.O. Box 586, Eureka, California 95501.

Of course, bloodthirsty gun freaks aren't the only devotees of beautiful letters and fine publications. There are also connoisseurs of belly dancing whose bible is **Habibi**, the Magazine of Middle Eastern Dance, Music, News and Entertainment. **Habibi** features many articles on the art of belly dancing, possibly the only feminist display of female near-nudity in the world and a sovereign exercise for tired tummy flab. To read **Habibi** regularly is to dwell in an Arabian-nights world of undulating wombs, aromatic souvlaki sandwiches and other pleasures of the flesh. Fanciers of this ancient and honorable art form, whether as viewers or dancers, can get a year's worth of **Habibi** for \$10 from Box 4081, Mt. View, California 94090.

No discussion of obsessively read magazines would be complete without mention of the **Tattoo News** and **Captain Jack's Tattoo Review**, the two finest tattoo journals published anywhere in the world. **Tattoo News** is published every other month: single issue, \$2, year's subscription, \$10, from J.D. Tyson, 269 Willow Drive, Brevard, North Carolina 28712. Mr. Tyson writes and edits a handsome newsletter which, though without the facilities to reproduce tattoos in full color, nonetheless provides fascinating up-to-the-minute chatter on the doings of tat-

tooists and tattooees that no tattooee or tattooist will want to be without. Mr. Tyson is also something of an art critic whose appreciation of fine tattooing work

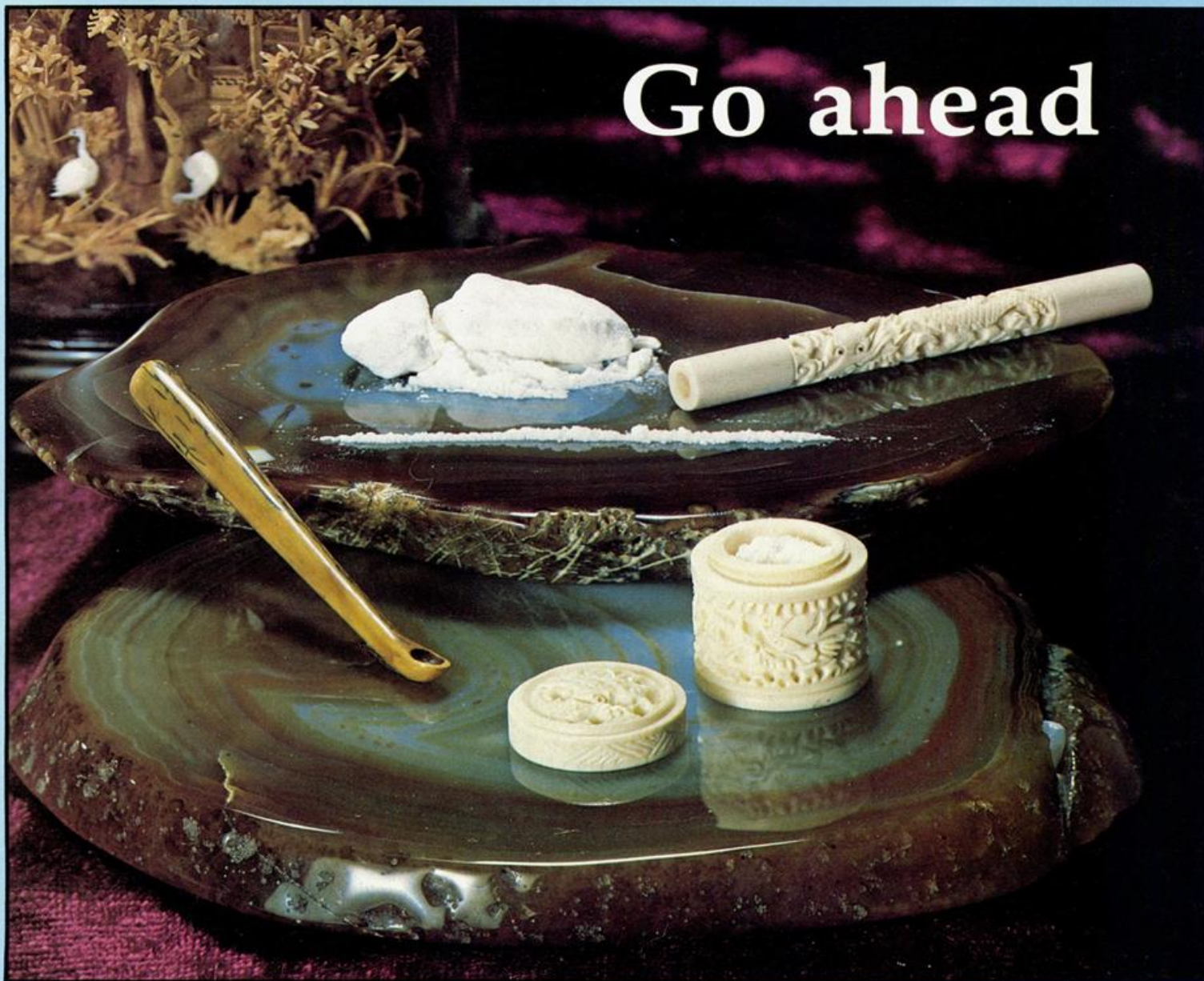


recalls some of the better writing of John Ruskin, Walter Pater and Bernard Berenson. "A Work of Art Is a Joy Forever," writes he. "Tattoos Enhance Nature's Beauty." Tattoo, too true.

Captain Jack's Tattoo Review is a more ambitious undertaking altogether. It is a full-sized magazine of tattoo art, all of it unfortunately in black and white, but nonetheless an inspiration to the tattooist and the tattoo fan. In addition to the wealth of photographs, Captain Jack's review features a letters column describing readers' tattoo experiences and offers an invaluable classified-advertising section through which readers may find not only tattoo artists but also merchandise such as "Hot dogs, Lee's Franks, 77 Pater-son Avenue, Wallington, New Jersey" and "Homemade donuts, B & L Deli, 87 Pompton Turnpike" and so on. I cannot advise you too strongly to send \$12 for a year's subscription to Tattoo Boutique, Box 140, Riverdale, New Jersey 07457.

Finally, the Gilbert Choate Prize for the best magazine of the month goes to **Fanfare**, the Magazine of Popular Culture and All the Arts, the latest form of Graphic Story magazine, long admired by pop-culture enthusiasts for its detailed and richly illustrated coverage of comic books, TV shows and other important stuff. Gone slick to reach the bigger audience it deserves, **Fanfare's** spring 1977 issue features terrific articles on Abbott and Costello and Wonder Woman, an interview with Mad's Al Feldstein, a nostalgic look at Panic, the only authorized imitation Mad ever had, and much much more of nostalgic value. Lotsa cute pix of Lynda (Wonder Woman) Carter too! You'd be a fool not to subscribe (3 issues for \$6) to **Fanfare**, 329 North Avenue 66, Los Angeles, California 90042. □

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by Gary Stimeling

Science with a Soul

The scientist's public image is no longer that of the fearless searcher for truth, for too many in science have allowed their results and their morals to be controlled by the governments and corporations who pay for their experiments. Many dedicated researchers are unhappy with the situation, but one of the few lay groups working to change it is the Aquarian Research Foundation (ARF) in Philadelphia.

ARF is Art Rosenblum and his wife Judy and some unpaid co-workers. They run a nonprofit operation to investigate and publicize research that is too new or strange for established science journals or foundations. As Art explains, "When pressure for social change builds up, many people say, 'You can't change things that fast. There'll be bloodshed.' But this is because society's leaders play on people's fears to generate more and more resistance to change. Our aim is to help create a spiritually directed science that can overcome this resistance."

Art's own spiritual direction has been tempered by living for 15 years in the Society for Brothers, a large commune in



Paraguay. After he returned to the United States in 1964, he served the peace movement as a printer. ARF was founded in 1969, and every month since then the Newsletter has been filled with discoveries. The Rosenblums separate the real from the faked or half-baked by personally investigating the source and publishing names and addresses so other interested parties can do the same. The Newsletter has now become part of the excellent Green Revolution magazine, and both can come to you for a mere \$8 a year (ARF, 5620 Morton Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19144). The first five years of the Newsletter have now been collected in a book, *Unpopular Science* (\$4). Psychic research has always been a major, but not exclusive, interest of ARF. ARF is now investigating a revolutionarily efficient diesel engine invented by a University of Manitoba professor and research by James Prescott of the National Institutes of Health that links violence to unusual childhood sexual experiences.

The foundation also finds time for some original studies of their own, like low-cost biofeedback equipment and a body field meter that seems to provide an accurate notice of women's ovulation cycles for contraception. In fact, the Rosenblums explore the whole subject of contraception in the *Natural Birth Control Book*, a compendium of methods ancient and modern (\$3, or five for \$10). They've hooked up with People's TransShare in Oregon to provide cheap access to transportation and a Hospitality Guide of people with room to share with travelers. They have some interesting films for rent, and an urban-rural cooperative community is in the planning stages, open to new members and/or ideas. In fact, ARF itself is usually in need of people dedicated to the future and willing to donate their work in exchange for room and board. Those interested can call (215) 849-1259. If you write for information, please be sure to include two ounces worth of postage.

Religion of Freedom

A battle is raging to save hundreds of highs among the earth's estimated 200,000 plant species from prohibition and eradication. Marijuana, hops, grains, coca and peyote all have their champions, but the Church of the Tree of Life is the only organization fighting to preserve the many other highs.

The church was incorporated in California in 1971 as a nonprofit religion with only one creed: that all humans are sovereign and have the right to do whatever they please with their bodies and minds, as long as they encroach on no one else's freedom to do the same. This belief is the only requirement for membership, though they do encourage meditation, good nutrition and worthwhile rituals.

CTL's own suggested quasi-Indian ceremony involves a circle of worshipers around a candlelit altar, meditation, a sacrament bearer to procure and dispense and, just as in the peyote ritual, a time for everyone to talk about their reasons for participating. Followers need not partake

in the communion and none of the enormous list of sacraments is specifically recommended. The group's main activity is information exchange, and it's an ex-



Astrophytum capricorne is just one of the plants the Church of the Tree of Life hopes to keep legal.

cellent source of knowledge for all manner of herbs.

The church stresses that membership does not open up any loopholes. By the

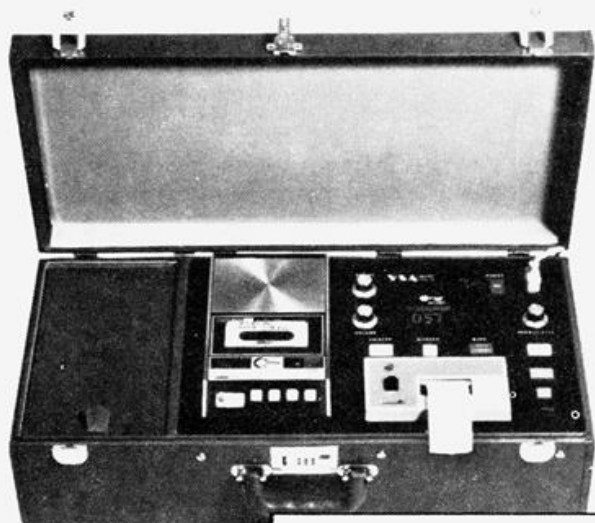
terms of its charter, the church cannot advocate breaking the law, so all its sacraments are legal *somewhere*, and most are kosher in the United States. Every known psychoactive or healing herb, vitamin and the few chemicals still legal are included in the hope that widespread use and awareness may be a lever to oppose eventual attempts to criminalize them. Contact: Church of the Tree of Life, 451 Columbus Street, San Francisco, California 94133.

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No need to do without medical advice when you can't afford an office visit. A company called Tel-Med (Box 970, Colton, California 92324) has set up over a hundred regional offices with a library of tapes on over 300 common problems, from dandruff and acne to first aid and nutrition in pregnancy. An answer to your question is just a dial tone away. Write to find the office nearest you, then call up and they'll send you a free directory of the recordings. ☐

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May '78 No. 33

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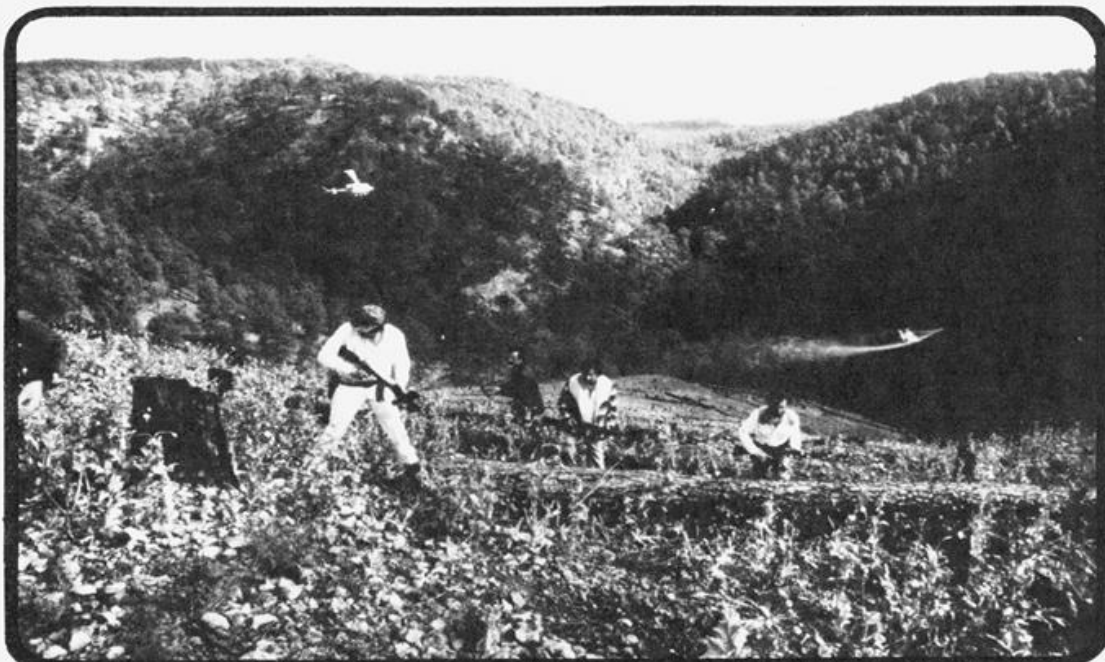
BOGOTA—A former Colombian justice minister and presidential candidate, responsible for jailing hundreds of young Americans on trumped-up drug charges and low-level seizures between 1974 and 1976, has been indicted here for fronting fraudulent government contracts and pocketing the money.

Alberto Santofimo Botero faces charges of forging at least 1,500 fraudulent contracts designed to lend technical assistance to the government. Santofimo allegedly convinced legislators to hire illiterate peasants, children, farm animals and corpses. The former justice minister, who resigned recently to run for president, claims the arrest warrant signed by an investigating magistrate is the result of a political plot to damage his presidential chances.

Along with Santofimo, former Customs Chief Major Raul Ocampo Rodas was charged with fraud and forgery due to irregularities in the purchase of five heavily armed patrol launches from the Bertram Yacht Company of Miami. Ocampo allegedly paid some \$40,000 over the contract price and kept the change.

High-level cocaine exporters here claim to have paid Santofimo large bribes to permit them to carry on their business.

In an unrelated event in the co-



Narco troops take marijuana-covered hill as DEA-supplied helicopters drop deadly herbicides.

caine capital of Medellin, two members of the National Police were court-martialed for aiding the escape attempt of two foreign dope prisoners. The two prisoners, including American Don Williamson of Florida, were later gunned down in a heavy fire fight in an electrical supply store in front of Medellin

police headquarters. Witnesses claim the pair had run out of ammo and were trying to surrender when they were killed.

The court-martial prosecutor said the two policemen, Ernesto Saldarriaga and Jose Cardona, accepted an invitation from Williamson to go drinking and were easily

disarmed for the escape attempt. Police are still searching for an alleged six pounds of cocaine found on Williamson which mysteriously disappeared after his arrest.

Americans in Mexico Charge

DEA Thwarted Transfer to U.S. Prisons

MEXICO CITY—A group of Americans imprisoned on drug charges here have accused the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) of keeping some 111 prisoners off the prisoner-exchange list. In an open letter to Presidents Carter and Lopez Portillo, the prisoners claimed that DEA pressure is keep-

ing a select group of them behind Mexican bars. The letter also blamed "incompetence and indifference on the part of the Mexican government" for keeping names off the list.

The letter, which stated "there will be bloodshed" if the prisoners were not returned, was hotly coun-

tered by U.S. embassy officials here who claimed that the DEA had nothing to do with the prisoner swap agreement. The embassy also denied allegations that some prisoners were able to get on the transfer list, or have their names moved higher on the list, by paying \$3,000 to select Mexican officials.

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President Morales and wife confer with Rosalynn Carter.

Despite Coca Trade, Peru Bankrupt

Peru, one of the Organization of Dope Exporting Countries' (ODEC) leading cocaine exporters, has depleted its foreign currency reserve and is on the brink of bankruptcy. The Andean dictatorship, whose untaxed cocaine exports totaled at least \$960 million in 1977, has depleted its entire foreign-currency reserve and can no longer pay foreign creditors, including the United States and the Soviet Union, without a major refinancing of its \$3.6-billion debt.

Peru will owe 17 U.S. banks, including Chase Manhattan and the Bank of America, nearly \$210 million by the end of 1978. A total of \$1 billion worth of foreign debts in principal and interest is also due to be paid by the end of this year.

Among the 75 ODEC countries that accumulated foreign debts, Peru ranks the highest. Collectively, over \$200 billion worth of foreign debt is owed to creditors by ODEC.

For the past five years, Peru has supplemented its depleted economy with substantial funds from the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) earmarked for cocaine eradication. However, most of the millions given to the Morales government have been used to beef up Peru's army. The \$60-million loan secured from the Soviet Union last year was also used for arms purchases.

In 1977, Peru produced over 60 tons of raw cocaine at a street value of \$3 billion. This year's production figures are expected to triple. The \$960-million export figure (based on Peru-bought cocaine at a medium \$8,000 a pound) does not take into account a conservative estimate by exporters that \$2 million is spent each year on government payoffs necessary to get cocaine out of the country.

As bankers, diplomats and drug-enforcement agents haggle over the future of legalized cocaine, which could pay off foreign creditors within two years, the Peruvian sole's free rate has dropped from 85 soles to the dollar to 133 soles, with a total collapse of the Central Bank an imminent danger. Coupled with a 45-percent increase in the cost of living, the country has erupted with labor strikes, student riots and military intervention that has seriously crippled Peru's once-thriving tourist trade.

The question remains: Can Peru survive massive foreign-arms purchases (\$2 billion worth of military hardware since 1975), continued labor strikes (which cost Peru over \$750,000 a day), student unrest (over 20 students killed since July 1977) and no general election until 1980 without a hefty injection of hard cash to support the crumbling Morales regime?

Poll Shows Colombian Students Favor Pot

BOGOTA—Nearly half of 4,000 secondary students surveyed in four major Colombian cities claimed to have "regularly" smoked some kind of dope to get high, according to a report published by the Health Ministry.

The report, titled "The Prevalence of Drug Dependency Among Secondary Students," showed that

1,876 of 4,000 students between the ages of 16 and 20 smoked marijuana. Some 29 percent claimed to fancy downs, 4 percent uppers, 2 percent mushrooms, 1 percent LSD, and 10 percent preferred volatile substances like paint thinner and glue. Almost 75 percent of the surveyed students favored the legalization of marijuana.

Mexico Releases

233 Prisoners of Pot to Serve Terms in U.S.

MEXICO CITY—Over 233 American drug prisoners, some who have been in jails here for seven years, have been returned to the U.S. to complete their sentences under the provisions of the long-awaited prisoner-exchange treaty between the U.S. and Mexico.

The first group of 35 men, 26 women and one child were driven by tourist buses through streets lined with 250 heavily armed troops to the airport. Machine-gun-equipped helicopters hovered overhead as the Yanks boarded a DC-3 transport plane circled with riot-equipped security police toting sawed-off shotguns and sniper rigs.

As dignitaries arrived for the transfer ceremony, fingers twitched on trigger safeties and rooftop snipers scanned the crowd with telescopic sights. After a short, uneventful ceremony thick with tension was completed, the plane took off for San Diego. Thirty minutes later a jet containing 36 Mexicans arrived at the airport. The Mexicans, who will fulfill the rest of their U.S. convictions in Mexico, were whisked to Santa Marta prison.

Some 250 Americans are eligible to serve out their Mexican terms in the U.S. An additional 300 Americans, many of whom were illegally convicted in Mexico, must complete court procedures here before they can apply for return to the United States. An undetermined number of American prisoners, victims of the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) campaign that pressured Mexico into handing out minimum five-year sentences for the most meager pot offenses, decided to stay in prisons here and wait to see the fate of the first batch of swapped Yanks.

The first group returned to the San Diego airport where a screaming mob of relatives, friends and reporters greeted them with jubilation. The group then boarded buses



for the San Diego Correctional Institute where they were processed. Everybody on board the plane agreed that it was great to be back.

The last group of 35 men and one woman to be returned arrived without a single relative or friend to welcome them. The reporters had long gone home. The rag-tag group somberly boarded a bus for the prison. A guard carried an unidentified man paralyzed since an unsuccessful operation in a Mexican prison.



Ex-Mex prisoner Don Bowen bares shirt with name of Lecumberri prison. Bowen and Robin Worthington were first Americans off the plane when it landed in San Diego.

East-West Hemp Hauls Largest in History

Within the space of 48 hours police in Japan and Germany made the largest busts in the history of both countries. Over 57 keys of Thai sticks were seized in a bonded warehouse on the outskirts of Yokohama, along with the president of Japan's largest music company. At the time of the bust, police found a memo outlining a 100-person network of marijuana importers and dealers throughout Japan. The Japan Thai haul was discovered inside five veneered doors shipped from Bangkok as furniture.

In the German port city of Hamburg, customs agents seized over three tons of hash in two separate raids within the space of 12 hours. An unspecified amount of hash oil

was also popped by narcs working on a tip from Interpol. Sources in Hamburg allege that most of the shipment was destined for U.S. military bases in northern Germany and Amsterdam.

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PUFFIN STUFF

Low-level Busts Continue in Colombia

BOGOTA—The past three months here have seen sweeping busts throughout the marijuana and cocaine export industries, with dozens of low-level dealers being jailed on a variety of export scams that backfired. Two Americans were arrested by the Riohacha F-2 narc unit on suspicion of planning to run a plane load of prime Colombian to the U.S.

Indiana-born Robert McLain, 42, and Texas-based pilot Willy Skidmore became the crackdown's first victims after they were forced to make an emergency landing out-

side the dope port city. The pair claimed they were out of fuel, but their lack of documents and the absence of a flight plan prompted their arrest. No tonnage figures were available.

But down the road in Santa Marta three tons of sacked and pressed grass were found by Colombian Army units patrolling for guerrillas on the Kisqueya Farm. The troops looked a little further off the road between Riohacha and Santa Marta and found five acres of pot and three dope hands picking the year-end crop.



Coca leaves waiting to be processed into cocaine paste outside Guayaquil.

Kent State Braces for Gym Warfare



Kent State stalwarts hear Ron Kovic, author of *Born on the Fourth of July*, call for razing of gym.

Annual memorial activities at Ohio's Kent State University for four students gunned down by the National Guard during 1970 anti-war protests will be particularly pungent this year, as participants in the May 3-4 commemoration will be faced with the half-completed shell of a gymnasium under construction, overlapping the site of the shootings.

The University Trustees announced their final decision to erect the gym on the controversial site

last May 4 to a group of 200 who had forced their way into the Trustees' meeting at the conclusion of last year's commemoration. Students responded with the erection of a tent city on the disputed area.

This high-energy encampment lasted 62 days, the longest occupation in the history of the American student movement. A drawn-out court battle tried to stop the gym, but on July 12 sheriff's deputies made 194 arrests removing nonviolent protesters from Blanket Hill.

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Katmandu to Be "Las Vegas of Asia"

KATMANDU, NEPAL—A controversial plan is underway here to turn this mountain city, famous for its thriving hashish trade, into what a South Korean businessman has called the "Las Vegas of South Asia."

H.O. Kim of Continental Resorts Limited, who now runs a casino on the outskirts of the city, wants gambling, dancing girls, live entertainment and other attractions to "make Katmandu the most exciting city between Tehran and Singapore." Kim's plan has the backing of the Nepalese royal family, the only ruling Hindu monarchy in the world.

Continental Resorts, which is owned by an American, Richard Tuttle, took over the small nightclub in one of the city's hotels in

1976. Today, the operation bears little resemblance to what is traditionally considered Nepalese life-style. Croupiers are imported from Thailand, and hundreds of Indian Sikhs flock across the border to the basement casino, which operates from noon until 4 A.M. every day.

So far profits have not been very big because a 40-percent cut must go to the hotel, which is partly owned by Prince Himalaya of the royal family. "But our profits are getting bigger," said Kim. "We are trying to persuade the king to let us make this Vegas. We know these Hindus take a little persuading, but they are getting a good income from our little operation and we are quite optimistic they will come to our way of thinking."

Hong Kong Cops Assault Investigators

HONG KONG—Five narcotics investigators were beaten by 40 off-duty cops wielding sticks and clubs here in response to allegations that hundreds of police officials were actively involved in dope smuggling. The violent attack came after a march by 2,000 police protesting the investigations as "too lengthy and causing mental agony."

The corruption commission, established in 1974, claims to have

uncovered smuggling groups operating in nearly every police division, with members earning millions of dollars from drug exports. Commission chief Jack Catler has vowed to smash the export groups, which he claims own the 17,000-man Hong Kong police force. Rank-and-file cops, who have protested the commission since its inception, have collected 11,000 signatures to abolish the group.

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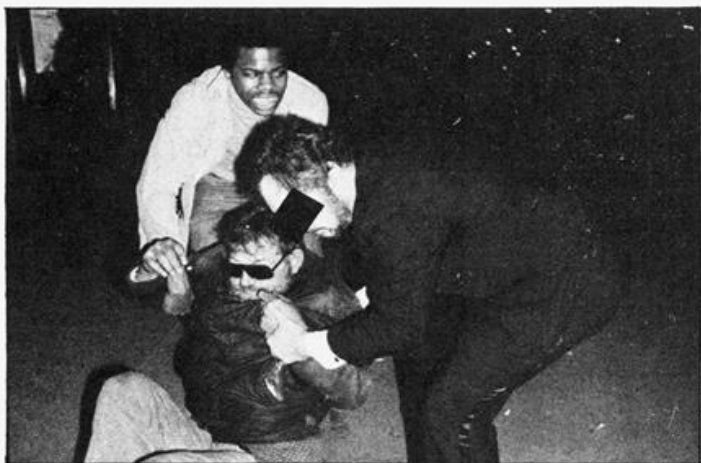


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Joe DeLuca (right) assists Playboy Theater employee in bouncing local stumblebum from coke decrim fete.

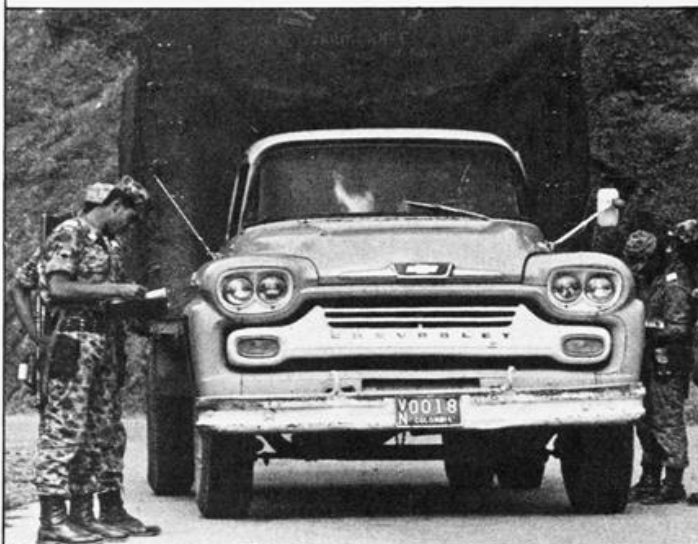
Coke Reformer Goes Underground

NEW YORK—Joe DeLuca, an alleged cocaine dealer awaiting trial here on 18 counts of drug sale and possession, became a fugitive from the law last December rather than face a possible 15 years to life imprisonment under the state's harsh Rockefeller drug law. But before going underground, DeLuca made some abortive attempts to

organize the Committee on Cocaine Action (COCA) to begin the task of decriminalizing cocaine.

COCA is not yet a registered corporation, but a handful of DeLuca's friends intend to follow through in finding funds and legal expertise while DeLuca remains a fugitive. The fund raising for COCA was kicked off when DeLu-

Border Watch



Narco troops check truck traveling through Guajira pot-growing region of northeastern Colombia.

ca rented the Playboy Theater here for the "Cocaine Follies," a \$5-a-head benefit. About 150 people turned out each night to see the 1939 film *Cocaine Fiends* and a live satire-and-song act billed as the High-Heeled Women, "those comical cokes." DeLuca, who in-

curred debts of several thousand dollars, blamed the poor turnout to last-minute promotion.

Before going underground, DeLuca told *High Times* that anyone interested in COCA should contact 316 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10001.

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Yippies, Keith Stroup Clash Over NORML Politics

by Stuart Levitan

WASHINGTON—Nearly 75 well-organized and highly motivated members of the Youth International Party (YIP) dominated the NORML conference's first-ever plenary session, but their attempts to push the six-year-old pot lobby leftward were thwarted by NORML director Keith Stroup.

Although Stroup called the Yippies "impotent and irrelevant," it was clear from the session that they maintain a strong voice in marijuana politics. Foremost among Yippie victories was a resolution placing NORML in opposition to the proposed criminal-code revision, Senate Bill 1437. Stroup had placed his credibility on the line in negotiating decriminalization positions contained in the controversial senate bill and had officially accepted the Senate Judiciary Committee's final compromise. But Yippie leader Dana Beal said that the Judiciary Committee's offer to



Yippie Aaron Kay (foreground) hurls pie at congressional aide Joseph Nellis as NORML conference chairperson Mark Kurzman attempts to block shot.

decriminalize ten grams of marijuana wasn't good enough and that NORML should hold out for a more clear-cut victory.

Another Yippie-inspired resolution called for NORML to utilize a wide range of constitutional amendments in protecting the civil

rights of marijuana smokers. A Washington Yippie strategist explained this would cause NORML to argue in courts and legislatures that the Fourteenth Amendment giving former slaves civil rights also protected one's right to buy, grow and consume marijuana.

"We're a middle-class-smokers' lobby," said Stroup, troubled by image problems he feels the Yippies may have caused.

"The Yippies were terribly disruptive and not willing to play by our rules," complained Stroup, adding that a Yippie attempt to hurl a pie in the face of anti-pot congressional aide Joseph Nellis caused NORML to "take more heat in one day than in seven years."

Beal replied that it was NORML higher-ups who first intimidated, "Nellis deserved to get pied," and noted that "the pieing created a situation where any internal dissent NORML wants to disregard can be stuffed off as Yippie-inspired. Thus Stroup, having given NORML's endorsement to a new Senate bill that mitigates pot penalties but harshly damages other civil liberties, was enabled to ignore a unanimous condemnation of his action by the convention's 300-plus delegates."

Shepard Sherbell

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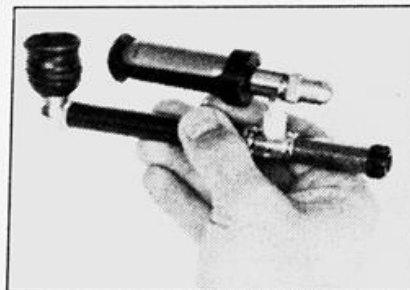
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Group Backs Legal Pot

Sixth NORML Conference Success

WASHINGTON—Nearly 800 marijuana reformers who spanned the spectrum from multi-ton dealers to joint-a-week tokers, including Yippie leader Dana Beal, Black Muslim General Hassan Jeru-Ahmed and senior White House drug advisor Dr. Peter Bourne, met here with doctors, lawyers, congressmen, musicians and hundreds of others interested in the future of the 5,000-year-old weed for the 6th Annual Conference of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML).

The four-day conference began with the first open-door meeting of the critical National Policy Committee, responsible for formulating the group's short- and long-range policy when dealing with state and federal legislators. For six years the committee had balked at backing legalized pot as "too controversial." But this year the committee overwhelmingly endorsed NORML backing legalized and regulated pot sales throughout the country, placing particular emphasis on the right of citizens to grow their own.

"It's time we started carving out some new turf," said NORML director Keith Stroup. "There will be some problems with this stance in some conservative quarters, but what is important is we can now



Yippie Dana Beal questions NORML panel on the international control of marijuana.

address ourselves to the realities of marijuana sale and regulation on a free market."

Another new step for NORML was the formation of a marijuana think tank geared to deal with marijuana-related issues that are still years away. Called the Future Directions Committee and chaired by San Francisco attorney Michael Stepanian and Chicago investment broker Paul Kuhn, the 15-member committee will formulate possible policy on legalization, regulation and multi-acreage cultivation, as well as present a number of studies on the international aspects of marijuana brokerage, cultivation, and control.

The Future Directions Committee will also deal with such immedi-

ate concerns as the Drug Enforcement Administration's (DEA) overseas marijuana eradication programs, the plight of marijuana prisoners in America and abroad and the multi-billion-dollar growth of ODEC. The DEA contends that all Americans arrested on drug charges overseas are major dealers or connected to major dealing networks and that herbicidal eradication of marijuana is necessary to stem the flow of cannabis. However, during the emotion-charged panel on international control of marijuana, Carter administration and congressional officials agreed that present DEA policy needed to be reshaped.

White House drug adviser Robert Angarola said that many over-

seas arrests were cosmetic in nature and geared to solicit more drug-war funds from the U.S. "I've been asking the DEA questions like this for the past eight months with no results," said another high-ranking White House official who attended the conference. "There is no question that the DEA has been overstepping itself since Carter has been in office. But why there has been no Oval Office response to this is a mystery to me, and I work there."

The conference, which brought in NORMLites from California, Canada, the Virgin Islands and the Netherlands, also zeroed in on the growing problem of marijuana adulterated with PCP (also known as angel dust) and later sold as esoteric dope or bogus THC-treated marijuana. NORML and the Blackman's Development Center, a Black Muslim group based in Washington, agreed to begin a joint campaign to inform the public of the dangers of PCP-laced marijuana. Both groups called for "immediate action that PCP be classified in Schedule I of the Uniform Substances Act along with heroin." The coalition also decided to begin a letter-writing campaign addressed to Dr. Peter Bourne in an attempt to get White House help in getting PCP off the streets.

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Interview

The Gong Show's
**UNKNOWN
COMIC**

The Baron of Boffo, The Wizard of Whoopee,
The Duke of Daytime TV

by Ed Dwyer

Hollywood is thick with actors and comics shamelessly trying to get recognized, but the hottest new comedy act in town finds it harder to stay unknown. A manic, shuffling, dirty-minded, rapid-fire clown calling himself the Unknown Comic has become the fave of millions of "Gong Show" fans who faithfully tune in to his appearances on 300 stations nationwide. He is the first genuine superstar to be launched by master game-showman Chuck Barris—excepting Chuckie himself. His brand of humor is rude, wacky, energetic and—like "The Gong Show" itself—savagely simple silliness. It's punk comedy with a dash of the Catskills and Dada, even a little of your crazy Uncle Willie. It's pure television! From Lenny Bruce baring his soul in the Sixties we've come to the Unknown Comic bearing his bag. So, without further delay...here's the Baron of Boffo, the Duke of Daytime TV, the Prince of Puns, the Wizard of Whoopee... the Un-known-Comic!

High Times: How are you feeling today?

Unknown Comic: I didn't get any sleep last night. I guess you can see that because I've got bags under my eyes.

High Times: Where do you buy your clothes?

Unknown Comic: Sacks Fifth Avenue.

High Times: Your bags?

Unknown Comic: I steal them. In fact, just the other day I told my father, "I'm the thief of bags, dad."

High Times: What size bag do you wear?

Unknown Comic: When I first began I wore a 14-ounce bag, but due to my enormous "sack-cess" my head has been getting slightly larger, so I've had to increase the size of my bag to a 36 ounce.

High Times: How long have you been doing comedy?

Unknown Comic: Two years, I think. When I began I had a terrible memory. That's when I realized if I took a bag and wrote all the jokes on the inside, then I could just put the bag on and read them.

High Times: Where are you from?

Unknown Comic: Sackramento.

High Times: What was your childhood like?

Unknown Comic: I was a loner. My parents had three kids, one of each sex—I was third.

High Times: How did you get on "The Gong Show" as the Unknown Comic?

Unknown Comic: I was a writer on "The Gong Show," and I wanted to get on. I mean I wanted to make the money, get actors' scale.

High Times: What kind of writing?

Unknown Comic: Comedy, of course. Chuckie's intro, his jokes that he introduces people with.

High Times: How long were you working on "The Gong Show"?

Unknown Comic: About a month and a half.

High Times: You put a bag over your head while other comics usually crave expo-

sure in front of the camera.

Unknown Comic: Right.

High Times: Everybody's dying for recognition, and there you come dancing out with a bag over your face.

Unknown Comic: In fact, when I go out, I wear sunglasses over the bag.

High Times: That's Dadaesque comedy, taking it right into the realm of the surreal.

Unknown Comic: Talk about strange, did I tell you about going to the L.A. Dodgers' locker room?

High Times: No.

Unknown Comic: Well, they called me up during the World Series—they called several times—and wanted to meet the Unknown Comic, because they all were fans of his. So four of us went down to the clubhouse. We all put bags over our heads, intending to let them guess which of us was the real Unknown Comic. Well, we walked in and eight or nine of the team had bags over their heads!

Do you get high? "I tried snorting coke once, but the carbonation ruined my nose."

High Times: What is your opinion of the acts on "The Gong Show"?

Unknown Comic: I think half of them are good. The other half should be put to sleep for a month.

High Times: Why is the show a hit?

Unknown Comic: People wish secretly that they had the guts to expose whatever talents they think they have on television. And most people do believe they have some sort of talent.

High Times: Do you get high?

Unknown Comic: I tried snorting coke, but the carbonation wrecked my sinuses for a week.

High Times: Are "The Gong Show" regulars high?

Unknown Comic: Not that I know of. The most popular ingredient around the show seems to be raw carrots.

High Times: You mean to say there's no dope consciousness there at the show?

Unknown Comic: No, not at all. As a matter of fact, it's funny, because a lot of people ask me if Chuck's on drugs. A lot of people ask me that.

High Times: Well, he really does have kind of a coked-up drive to him.

Unknown Comic: Maybe that's it. I've never seen him or anybody around the show use any drugs. I've never even heard talk of any drugs around the show.

High Times: Do you have any dope jokes?

Unknown Comic: Sure. What do you call five journalists gathered in a circle trying to carry on a conversation? *A dope ring.* Ha ha.

High Times: Do you have any hobbies? Sports?

Unknown Comic: Boxing is okay, but it's hard pulling hair with those damn gloves on. The other day a friend asked me if I wanted to go hunting; I told him I was game, and he shot me.

High Times: Are you a cultured person?

Unknown Comic: Sure. I enjoy watching ballet, but they should get taller people instead of having them on their toes all the time.

High Times: Is it true that you put glue in your bag?

Unknown Comic: I tried snorting glue once, now I don't smell anymore.

High Times: How many years of school have you had?

Unknown Comic: Fourteen years I went to high school, so you're not talking to a



John Farrell

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Art Bevacqua



John Farrell

dummy. I was the teacher's pet 'cause she couldn't afford a dog.

High Times: Where do you get your jokes?

Unknown Comic: I write some. I steal some. I borrow some. I rent some. I get some from my uncle. I get some from the writers on "The Gong Show."

High Times: Do you get fan letters?

Unknown Comic: As many as I can write.

High Times: What is Chuck Barris like to work with?

Unknown Comic: At first he's sort of hard to get to know, but he's very creative, very inventive, which is obvious in the fact that he's made himself millions with "The Dating Game" and "The Newlywed Game." Now he's taken a show that could have gone down the tubes and made it a success. There were a lot of problems. There were two producers, Chris Beard and Chuck Barris, and they both had different ideas. Chuck won out. His idea was more or less just to have everybody have a good time on the show. He really cares about the people he works with, and he really cares about the show, you know, it's really very important to him.

High Times: How long do you intend to stay the Unknown Comic?

Unknown Comic: Right now my plans are to never really push it. But I have done the Carson show, Mike Douglas, two Redd Foxxes, rock concerts, and I'm doing Jim Nabors's show today.

High Times: What kind of crowd do you like?

Unknown Comic: Mostly women. See, I have very nice hands, and when I was a kid everyone told me my hands should be on a girl, and therefore...

High Times: Do you go out with women?

Unknown Comic: Does a snake have an ass? Yes, I prefer women. However there's nothing wrong with a bisexual, especially a Schwinn.

High Times: What kind of woman turns you on?

Unknown Comic: Preferably breathing. A slight wheeze is acceptable. Actually, I'm quite kinky. I'm heavy into baggery!

High Times: What line do you use with girls in bars?

Unknown Comic: Hey, baby, let's put bags on our head and have sacks.

High Times: Do you like punk rock?

Unknown Comic: None of your fucking business.

(continued)

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High Times: What books and magazines do you read?

Unknown Comic: I stopped reading when I found out I'm illiterate.

High Times: What kind of music does the Unknown Comic listen to?

Unknown Comic: Bagpipes.

High Times: Do you have any favorite sex jokes?

Unknown Comic: Yes. What do you get when you cross a computer with a prostitute? *A fucking know-it-all.*

High Times: Are you familiar with any other bag acts?

Unknown Comic: I know one guy who tried using a plastic bag. Unfortunately he didn't make it through the first show.

High Times: Don't you have a bunch of faces that you put on your bag—different caricatures?

Unknown Comic: Yeah. One I do is Farrah Fawcett. I put a huge blond wig over the bag and draw big teeth on the face. Then I do Leaky Fawcett and squirt water out my eye.

High Times: I've seen you do that, and I've always wondered how you managed to get the water to come up and out your eye.

Unknown Comic: I have no idea how it's done myself. I think God is with me.

High Times: Do you have any favorite ethnic joke?

Unknown Comic: No. As a matter of fact I think it's time that all of us whites and blacks and Italians and Jews and Mexicans all got together—and jumped on those Greeks.

High Times: Do you plan to do an album?

Unknown Comic: Yes. I am currently working on it, and it should be in release by the time this interview is printed. As yet, the title for the album is still unknown.

High Times: Are you going to do Las Vegas?

Unknown Comic: Yes. I've appeared at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas. I had two girls with bags on their heads appear with me for a little sacks appeal.

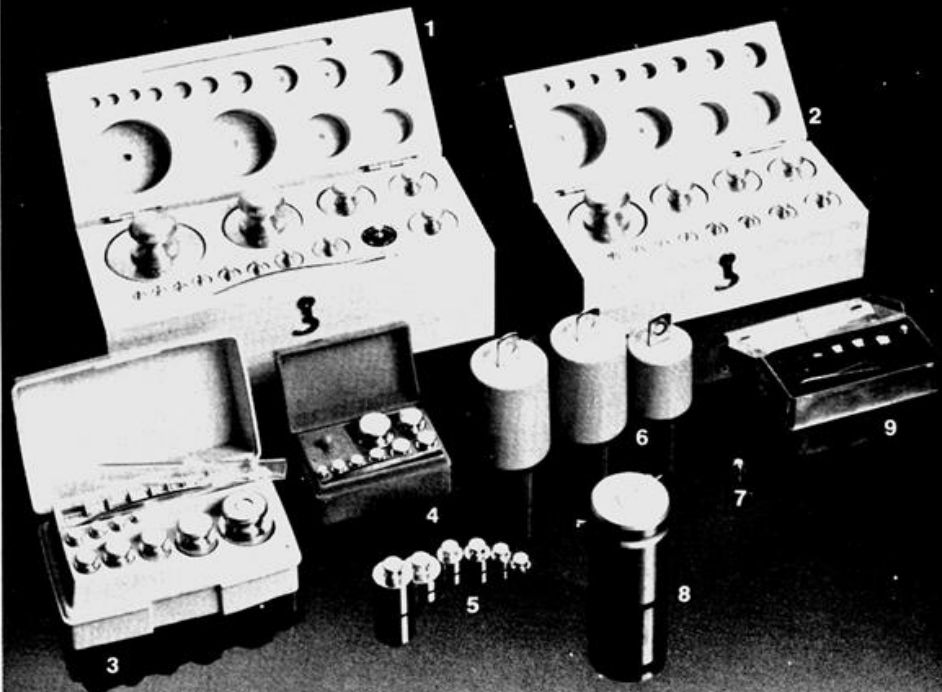
High Times: Are you on your way to superstardom?

Unknown Comic: Yes. In fact, tomorrow I'm going to buy a Gucci bag.

High Times: Will success spoil the Unknown Comic?

Unknown Comic: Never. I will always love the "little people," and at least once a year I plan to go to the slums to visit my parents. ■

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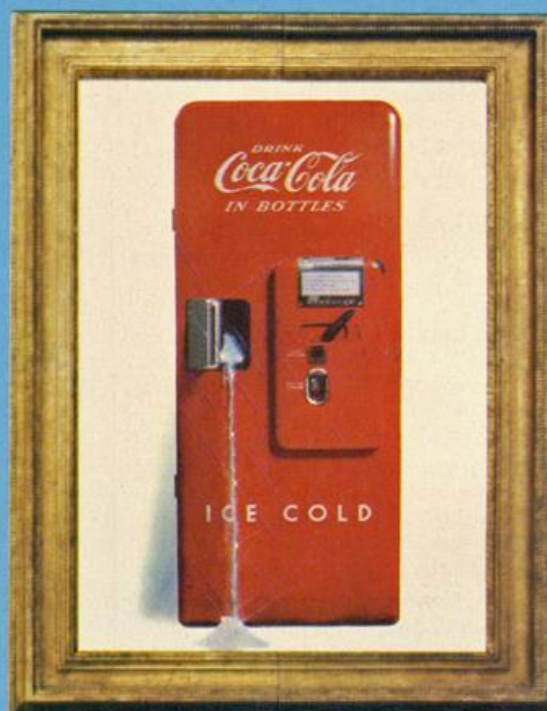


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Wide World

If you think feminists have no sense of humor, you'd better keep an eye on **Dick Gregory**, former laugh merchant turned strident social activist. For the next 12 years Gregory plans to deny himself the pleasures of the flesh. "I would love to see the day come along when I could look at a woman and not see her titties, not see her booty, but just see another creature that God has put on this planet. Until I can reach that level I'm just not going to deal with sex."



Richard E. Aaron/Photoreporters

What was that? Yes. **Roger Daltrey**, the lead singer of the **Who**, says he is going deaf. His latest solo album will in all likelihood be his last, he said at an Amsterdam press conference. Asked if the meganoise schtick of the Who may have affected his hearing, Daltrey smiled and answered, "What? I can't hear you. I have a Fender in my ear."



Wide World

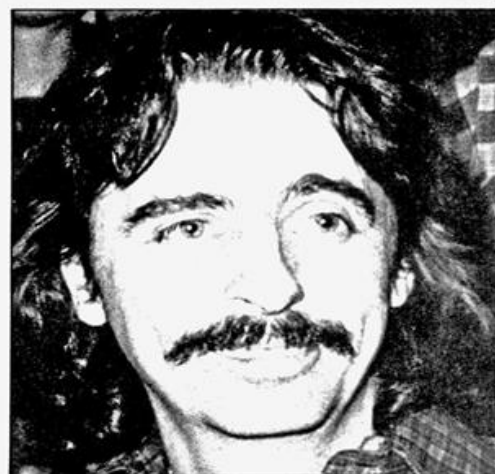
The recent antics at *Hustler*, secular and otherwise, were allegedly behind **Evel Knievel's** great escape from a Southwest prison where he's serving 60 days for breaking an author's arms. Evel, out on work-release, heard on TV that **Larry Flynt** had bought a Plains, Georgia, newspaper, where he planned to move *Hustler* and run **Miz Lillian** in the centerfold. It was too much for Evel. "I just wanted out," the daredevil said later, explaining his five-hour absence from prison. He told reporters he planned to go to Cuba.

Unknowns undeservedly so: **Ralph Garcia** of New York City has invented the tokenware party. Like its namesake, the Tupperware party of Sixties suburbia, hosts are expected to invite at least eight friends to a three-hour demonstration of pipes, bongos, hookahs and what-have-you. The host receives 20 percent plus a free bong. Attendees get a roach clip just for coming. Another new idea comes from a French writer named **Claude Vorilhon**, who calls for disenfranchising all stupid people and setting up a world government of geniuses. Vorilhon, at a press conference in Geneva, claimed his geniocracy theory was inspired by extraterrestrial beings whom he encountered in the crater of an extinct volcano in France two years ago.

Political activist **Tom Hayden**, who lost his maiden Senate race in California last year, is gearing up for another political campaign. Hayden has reportedly changed his voter registration from Santa Monica to Santa Barbara, where he and wife **Jane Fonda** own a ranch. Hayden is expected to draw a bead on the chairmanship of the California Board of Equalization, which regulates county tax assessments. If he wins, the former Chicago Seven defendant and SDS revolutionary would have a say in property tax evaluation.



Wide World



Lynn Goldsmith

Against a background of hissing nitrous tanks, the tinkling of Scotch on the rocks and billows of marijuana smoke, **Alice Cooper** announced he is going straight. The former geek and case-a-day beer fancier made his stunning announcement during a break in the disco whorls at New York, New York, the chic disco where *High Times* was hosting a party. Looking fit, Cooper said he is tending to his health for a while. "The road is not conducive to good health," he warned would-be rock 'n' roll stars.

—Michael Chance



Thai: The Dope of the Eighties?

by "R"

First, let me explain why I've undertaken the task of writing a column devoted to a connoisseur's consciousness of cannabis. For years I've been waiting for someone to step forward and bring to the appreciation of fine marijuana the attention to nuance and personality that wine tasters bring to writing about fine vintages, the sensual relish with which food writers describe the subtle savors they devour. Someone to combine the fierce protectiveness and concern for quality control that Ralph Nader brings to the consumer of over-the-counter goods with the sensitivity that Merleau-Ponty brings to the phenomenology of mind.

Most dope smokers I know have reached a point where it's not enough just to get high, it's not even *how high* you get; it's the *quality of the high* when you get there that counts. You know what I mean. There are times when a nice light-blond upland Colombian high is just the thing—so breezy, so wholesome, so energetic. Then there are other times when something more dense and sensual is appropriate, an earthy, dark lowland varietal like Manizales, perfect for creating a trance of physical pleasure thick as the honey of killer bees.

The problem is, of course, you can't always get what you want. The discriminating pot smoker is frustrated by the dictates of the marketplace: the DEA busts a big boat in the Bahamas, and you spend a gloomy winter smoking nothing but lowland dope when you'd give anything for the sweet lift of Santa Marta gold. One reason for this column is very practical: by better articulating the tastes of the cannabis-consuming public, those growers, smugglers and dealers who read *High Times* will get more closely attuned to the tastes of their market.

This column can serve as a medium to allow the collective unconsciousness of the cannabis consumer to express its needs and its fancies. If we let our friends, the growers and smugglers, know there's a market for a certain special taste, that people appreciate a certain kind of Oaxacan, say, that you just can't find any more, it will become a more worthwhile finan-

cial and personal risk for them to develop a few hundred acres down there. The more articulate and sophisticated the consumer's demands, the more responsive the supply will be. We're all in this together.

Astonishing then, isn't it, the shortage of serious writing on the aesthetics of dope appreciation. Astonishing not just from the utilitarian consumer's point of view, but from the point of view of cultural historians and those who try to be connoisseurs of the tastes of popular culture. Because dope, by even the most academic McLuhanesque standards, is a medium, a frame through which we see much of mass culture, just as the 35-millimeter frame, the TV screen and the LP are forms of media.

In fact, marijuana is more than merely a medium—it's the subtle pervasive medium through which we experience other media: a megamedium. The particular configuration of cannabinoids in a particular variety of dope will, in subtle ways, impose its personality, shape what Noam

**It's not
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Chomsky calls "the deep structure" of the way we perceive the other media and the increasing number of people who create the content of those media.

And yet look at the scores of rock, film, TV and other media critics who blather on about shifts in popular culture without taking into account the medium beneath their medium. Remember the way rock critics loved to quote that line from Plato—"When the mode of the music changes, the walls of the state will shake"—to justify their freebie-sated existence as cultural antennae? Why hasn't anyone stopped to analyze the effects of the changes in the mode of marijuana?

Take this sample speculation for instance: is it not possible that the real source of the change in sensibility from the Sixties to the Seventies that everyone likes to analyze to death might have much to do with the shift in the mass marijuana market from Mexican to Colombian varieties of dope?

Think about it. Compare the raw, fresh crackling energy of the Mexican dope in the Sixties with the more powerful but often immobilizing Colombian dope of the Seventies. Through the eyes of Mexican, the ways of the world as it was back then seemed too ridiculously fraudulent, too silly, to withstand an assault of activ-



Harlan Ang

ists. Could it be that, through the eyes of Colombian, the ways of the world appear too stunning and entrancing, too seductive to resist? Certainly that is the characteristic Seventies response: static, stunned entrancement.

Which brings me to the specific topic of discussion for this column: the sad state of Thai sticks these days. Thai sticks: they could have been a contender. They could have been the dope that shaped the Eighties. Remember how wonderful that first flotilla of sticks to hit the States was? It was like getting high for the first time on a whole other level. They looked so exotically different, they felt so good, tasted so fine. Remember that special breathtaking splendor, the heart-throbbing inspirational takeoffs into the Thai-onosphere, with the rush of dawn coming up like thunder over China across the bay?

And remember Buddha sticks, that special high priest of Thai varieties, and that special serene internal realm of ancient Thailand they would take you to with one toke? And then remember the prices you paid to get there if you bought retail? Twenty, twenty-five dollars a stick, sometimes. Two hundred, two-fifty per ounce. And yet up there from that special perspective, that unique visionary realm, the price seemed *just right*.

Well, it isn't any more, and any experienced smoker knows that the state of what goes as Thai these days is a scandal. Not only is the stuff that actually comes from Thailand far more mediocre in almost every case than the original wave, but there's a lot of obviously bogus Thai going around: high-class homegrown (and sometimes not so high class) masquerading as Thai crudely wound around Good Humor sticks with what looks like Woolworth twine.

And people are beginning to catch on. I heard a tale the other day of some dealers who found themselves with a load of

halfway decent Thai or mock Thai on their hands. Not great like the first wave of Thai sticks, but it was better than most stuff going by the name "Thai" in town. Problem was, they couldn't get rid of it. The market had finally fallen through for Thai; no one wanted to get burned again, not at those prices. So they had an inspiration. Sort of. As I understand it, they were smoking a bit of it when one of them conceded, "I guess this stuff is borderline Thai."

"Borderline," mused a second partner. "What's that country across the border from Thailand? Why don't we say it came from there. We can move it as an expensive novelty dope."

And so they decided to call it Laotian. Or they meant to call it Laotian, only they were a little hazy on the pronunciation of that place across the border, so the way it came out when they dispersed to sell it was "Loation." Direct from Loas, that place across the border from Thailand. "A really special high, this Loation."

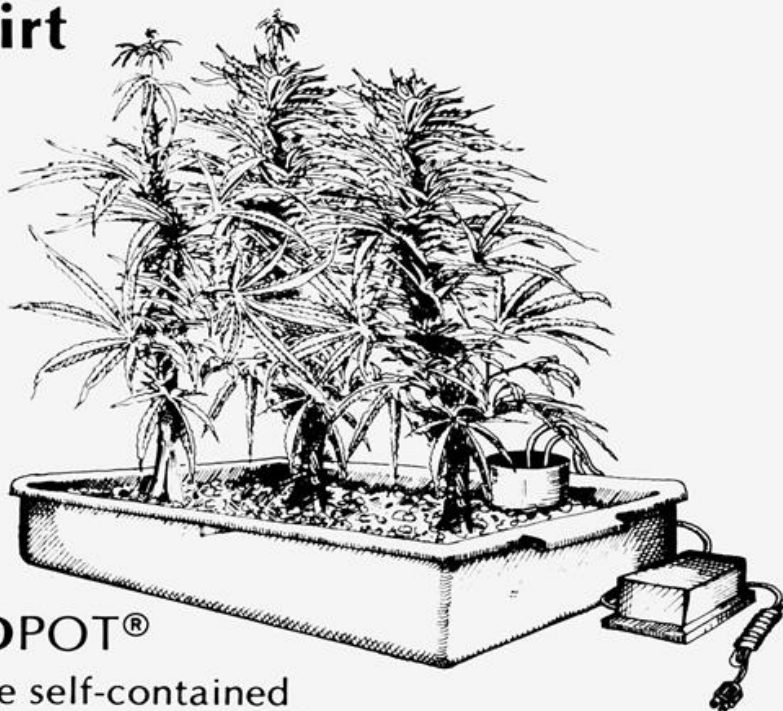
Needless to say, this undermined the credibility of an already transparent scam, but a lot of people, eager for that initial thrill they got from the first wave of Thai, didn't want to miss out on the chance of getting in on the first wave of "Loation." They moved the entire weight in a day.

The desperation of the "Loation" dealers tells us something about the sad state of the Thai market, but their ultimate success also tells us something about the sad plight of the cannabis consumer hypnotized by high prices. Ever since that first wonderful wave of Thai and Hawaiian floated across the Pacific, and people were introduced to a higher-class high than the Colombian they'd become accustomed to, people assumed that anything that sells at five times the price of commercial Colombian had to be five times as good.

Dealers found that customers often wouldn't respect Thai sticks that were priced below \$200 an ounce or \$25 a stick. Part of the problem was the influx of homegrown American sinsemilla into the luxury-specialty market. Again, a marketing and communication problem. Since "homegrown" used to have a dreadful reputation, conjuring up images of shriveled window-box plants that tasted like oregano, when people began raising high-quality homegrown they were forced to market it as "Thai" or "Hawaiian" because no one would be caught dead buying homegrown at Thai prices.

Now that homegrown sinsemilla and other domestic horticultural achievements are being recognized for their intrinsic quality, it's time for you homegrown people out there to stop calling your product by those foreign names. Take pride in your American plants and lower your prices, and together we can improve our nation's balance-of-payment situation. ☐

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HT 33

the making of **THE SM**

How Big Jim West, the Buford Pusser of pot, made the *Gone with the Wind* of smuggling movies



Big Jim West scoffs at rumors that filming *The Smugglers* was a front for an actual dope run. "Ah scoff at them rumors," Big Jim scoffed.



Suspense fills the cockpit as the mighty Polk County pot plane prepares for a landing on 800 feet of stump land.



Unloading a DC day's work in Th

UGGLERS



by Gilbert Choate



full of Colombian bales is all in a smugglers.

Imagine that the year is 1926, the place is Montauk Point, Long Island, the center of Prohibition's Rum Row smuggling zone, and a film is being made. The producer is Arnold Rothstein, the man who fixed the World Series in 1919 and now controls all gambling, vice and bootlegging rackets in New York. Rothstein directs the camera crew that filmed *Wings*, the Hollywood epic of World War I that has just won the first Academy Award for its spectacular scenes of aerial dogfights starring the young Gary Cooper, who is however not present.

In Mr. Rothstein's film, which is



Hollywood's most reckless stunt men refused to dangle from Big Jim's helicopter in the daring escape scene, so he got a couple of hippies.



Big Jim always wanted to know what would happen if a pot-packed 18-wheeler hit a seven-room house at 100 miles per hour. Now he knows.

the story of a crew of desperate rumrunners out to deliver a cargo despite impossible odds, the leading parts are taken by such talented new faces as Frank Costello, Charles "Lucky" Luciano, Vincent "Mad Dog" Coll, Arthur "Dutch Schultz" Fleckenheimer, Joe "The Boss" Masseria, Jack "Legs" Diamond and that stunning actor from Chicago, Alphonse Capone. The mayor of New York is played by the mayor of New York, the Honorable Jimmy Walker, and those lovable Treasury agents Izzy and Mo are played by those lovable Treasury agents, Izzy and Mo. The entire population of Long Island plays itself.

In the course of the film, Mr. Rothstein's script, based on an actual adventure told to him by a horseplayer at Lindy's restaurant on Broadway, calls for the destruction of several Coast Guard cutters and police cars, which are supplied to Mr. Rothstein by the local authorities, as well as for a fleet of Hispano-Suizas, Pierce-Arrows and other classic automobiles that are eventually seen crashing, burning and exploding by thrilled audiences who are aware that by the time shooting began the entire stunt crew of *Wings* had walked off the set despite the persuasive arguments of Mad Dog Coll, who replaced them in many key scenes.

Upon completion, the film plays for many months to sold-out houses throughout Long Island. The Bayonne, New Jersey, Movie Herald calls *Fire Island Firewater* one of the finest films of the sound era. (Needless to say, the film, released shortly after *The Jazz Singer* in 1927, has been provided by Mr. Rothstein with a fine score by Al Jolson, Guy Lombardo and all the top recording artists of the day. The soundtrack album "ships tin" as they used to say in the recording business when the new miracle cans were brought out on the shelves by A&P.)

Of course, no such film was ever made, you say. Ah, but it has been. It was filmed in Georgia in 1976. Of course, the names

Big Jim scoffs at rumors that he used *The Smugglers* as a front for actually smuggling pot. "I scoff at them rumors," Big Jim scoffed.

have changed, but a few things remain the same: the dope smugglers and police and townspeople of Jonesboro, Georgia, all play themselves in *The Smugglers*, millions of dollars worth of rolling stock and real estate are destroyed in the plot in daredevil filming without professional stunt men, and the result is one of the most exciting, hilarious action comedies ever filmed—and the most accurate picture of dope smuggling ever filmed, because it was filmed by smugglers themselves.

It all began in 1974 when a DC-6 four-engine cargo plane landed atop a mountain in Polk County, Georgia, with 3,600 pounds of pot on board. This simple fact swiftly became a page-one news story throughout America, for the DC-6, fully loaded, normally requires a minimum landing strip of 5,000 feet and someone had managed to set this bird down on 1,000 feet of freshly bulldozed runway (not flat runway, but tilting hillside dirt runway), fishtailing to a stop among the pine trees. It was one of the great feats of aviation history, as Charles A. Lindbergh remarked shortly before his death, and the state of Georgia promptly recognized this effort by arresting one Robert Eby, alleged pilot of the plane.

The news was not long in coming to the attention of "Big Jim" West of neighboring Jonesboro, a pillar of the community who

had been a police officer, state legislator, house mover and helicopter pilot for such state luminaries as Bert Lance and Governor "Georgia George" Buzzby. Recently, Big Jim's interests had turned to Hollywood, or more specifically to the burgeoning Dixieland film industry that had begun to replace Hollywood with down-homegrown pictures like *White Lightning* and *Smokey and the Bandit*; films about truckers, preachers, moonshiners and giant worms that devour whole cities.

Due to low labor costs, film making on southern locations had increased 1,000 percent in recent years, and Big Jim realized that the time had come for a great new southern film: the greatest since *Birth of a Nation* and *Gone with the Wind*. For, as these films proved, the South had provided the inspiration for the greatest American epics. And thus was born the inspiration for *The Smugglers*. Besides, Big Jim was curious as hell to know how Eby or anyone else had landed that fucker on the mountain.

In order to find out, Big Jim bought the mountain—for \$284,000. At a sheriff's sale he outbid every competitor for the plane, acquiring it for \$20,000 (minus the cargo). He arranged for Eby (whose case was subsequently dismissed, though he is now reportedly facing time on other, unrelated smuggling charges) to act as technical adviser to the film, thus guaranteeing that the plane would be able to make its spectacular landing not only once again, but three times, for the script called for three separate smuggling runs to be chronicled.

At the last moment, Eby's lawyers advised him against participating, and the job fell into the lap of one of America's most daring pilots—Big Jim West. In addition to flying the DC-6, West was also the film's producer, director, writer and, in one of the year's most outstanding performances, its most dynamic character. As the DC-6's pilot and mastermind of, ap-

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Bob Dylan's



STARRING:

Bob
Dylan

as Renaldo

Sara
Dylan

as Joan Baez

Joan
Baez

as Sara Dylan

Ronnie
Hawkins

as Bob Dylan

I knew if the
establishment
media hated
*Renaldo and
Clara*, it must
be good.

Introduction

If Bob Dylan is regarded as the spiritual father of a whole generation of folk and pop stars, he will also be remembered a century from now for giving a focus and purpose to the unique talents of A. J. Weberman, one of the most controversial journalists of our age, perhaps the only one who can claim to be both a legitimate investigative reporter and rock critic. From the time his first reviews of Dylan's records began appearing in the *East Village Other* in the mid-Sixties, it became more and more apparent that Weberman, the critic, had a unique

(continued next page)

It happened. With a vengeance. Guitar sounds filled the air, Scarlet's haunting gypsy violin presiding over the clatter in hot, musky gyms and clean, stainless-steel auditoriums. The Rolling Thunder Revue was a caravan of gypsies, hobos, trapeze artists, lonesome guitar stranglers and spiritual Green Berets who came into your town for your daughters and left with your minds.

**—On the Road with Bob Dylan:
Rolling with the Thunder by Larry
Sloman**

by A. J. Weberman

When I heard that most of the film critics were not exactly overwhelmed by Bob Dylan's latest film, *Renaldo and Clara*, I figured I should go see it, pronto. I knew if the establishment media hated it, it must be good. I already knew 90 percent of the movie would go right past me, for I have come to realize that although the "Dylanological method" was entirely accurate, I was unable to apply it to a good deal of Dylan's poetry. As my mind matures, I find a lot of the symbolism is opening up, but this is a rather slow process. Mean-

(continued next page)

Written by Bob Dylan ● From an original concept by Bob Dylan ● Produced by Bob Dylan ● Directed by Bob Dylan ● Financed by Bob Dylan ● Distributed by Bob Dylan

Bob Dylan's Renaldo and Clara

Introduction

(continued from page 43)

affinity with Dylan, the artist; that A. J. was Dylan's leading interpreter.

In the years that followed, Weberman developed a sophisticated analytical system of Dylan's sung lyrics and other public statements that he called Dylanology. As the first Dylanologist, Weberman computerized every word Dylan ever wrote or spoke in songs, poems, published interviews and elsewhere, and wound up with a print-out thousands of pages long that became known as the legendary Dylan Concordance.

By referring to the Concordance, it became possible for scholars and fans to establish symbolic use of a word employed by Dylan in repeated, analogous statements (thus, "rain" means "violence," as in, "A hard rain's a-gonna fall," etc.). While some purists have written off the Concordance as an irrelevance, the fact remains that similar techniques have been applied to the Bible, Shakespeare and every other major English writer, with a vast gain in human knowledge as a result. Clearly, Weberman is in the forefront of modern literary scholarship, as his massive book on Dylan will prove if it is ever published (it has not been, since Dylan will not give Weberman permission to quote his lyrics).

But A. J. went beyond even that when Dylanology developed into garbology: the critical study of stuff Weberman found in Dylan's garbage cans in Greenwich Village. As a result of several garbological essays published in the East Village Other and Esquire magazine, Weberman annoyed Dylan so much that the great poet personally punched him out near his Dylan Archives on Bleeker Street in Manhattan. The Archives, incidentally, are the world's largest collection of Dylan records, tapes, artifacts and memorabilia in the world.

At one point, when Dylan was still talking to him (as he did symbolically, according to A. J., in songs like "Dear Landlord" and "Went to See the Gypsy"), Weberman recorded a number of fascinating dialogues, including one heated exchange an hour long that was recently released as an album by Folkways Records. This has led Dylan to file his second lawsuit (for invading his privacy and violating the Safe Streets Act) against Weberman. (The first, brought to stop A. J. from selling rare Dylan tapes by mail order, was dropped years ago by Columbia Records when Weberman agreed to cease and desist.)

Since the peak of his obsession with Dylan was reached, Weberman has gone on to write *You Are What You Throw*

Away, a collection of garbanalyses of Dylan and other celebrities including Jackie Onassis, Judge John Sirica, Muhammad Ali, Gloria Steinem, Tricia Nixon, the late Martha Mitchell and many others. Unfortunately, the libel and slander laws will probably keep *You Are What You Throw* away off the bookshelves for some time to come. Subsequently, Weberman refined garbanalysis into a new type of research: assassinoLOGY; specifically, an investigative attempt to solve the assassination of John F. Kennedy.

In the past few years, Weberman has become one of America's most persistent assassinologists and written (with Michael Canfield) the best-selling *Coup d'etat* in America, which explained how the JFK assassination was a military coup d'etat by right-wing forces. In the book, Weberman identifies convicted

**Joan Baez offers
the pleasures
of home life.
Sara Dylan offers
romance and
adventure. Dylan's
choice is to
choose neither—
instead he
chose horse.**

Watergate burglars Frank Sturgis (High Times Interview, April '77) and E. Howard Hunt as hit men in the Kennedy killing. Weberman is currently being sued by both Hunt and Sturgis for a multi-million-dollar sum.

Having abandoned Dylanology for the pursuit of higher mysteries, it is seldom that Weberman comments on the Maestro's latest offerings these days, and Dylan buffs have had to figure out albums like *Desire* and *Blood on the Tracks* without the benefit of high-speed, computerized Dylanological data-processing. Of course, most rock critics were able to notice that Dylan's spectacular 11-minute lyrics on "Idiot Wind" ("blows every time you move your mouth") were about Weberman; but Weberman himself has shed little light on Dylan's more obscure recent sayings, doings and singings. In fact, A. J. has been blacklisted for the past seven years. In the spirit of free speech we present this article.

(continued from page 43)

while I can "steal glances" into the complex symbolism that will always intrigue me, musically and cryptologically.

In *Renaldo and Clara* Dylan gives his fans just what they want, a look at how success destroyed the sex life of an average American "folknik" whose roots weren't that much different from Wavy Gravy, Phil Ochs and David Blue. Blue's superb, off-the-cuff scene in which he describes Dylan's early, early days in Greenwich Village sets the stage for the next seemingly unrelated scene—Ronnie Hawkins (a 300-pound hick who plays Dylan in this movie) attempting to seduce a farm girl/groupie. Later in the movie the same lady will try to convince a rock 'n' roller to abandon his pursuit of superstardom and stay with her on the farm because she loves him, not for his media image but for himself. This woman symbolizes Suze Rotolo, who Dylan loved long before he met Sara (his recent wife) via the Grossman-Woodstock crowd. Suze was on the cover of Dylan's second album. But Suze left for Italy and broke Dylan's heart. He never fully recovered—in a recent version of his song "Simple Twist of Fate," he sang about going down to where the sailors all come in. As Dylan says, maybe she'll come again. As Dylan asks, how long can she wait?

From this point we go to a seemingly unrelated scene in a diner along one of America's highways, where two young ladies are about to take a lift with a truckdriver. Obviously they are both about to be raped. From the computerized Dylan word concordance, I know "truck" is a Dylan symbol—"a truck with no wheels," "discovered beneath a truck." From these and other contexts, I believe "truck" arbitrarily symbolizes heroin. So someone is about to take a ride down the hard road of life in a truck.

Interspersed between all of this are short scenes depicting the emptiness of fame—socialites who have never seen Dylan yet worship him, disk jockeys announcing his arrival (BIG NEWS) and, of course, music from the Rolling Thunder tour, including "Isis," an autobiographical song in which Dylan finally gets rid of the man who was trying to understand him for a price by "throwing him in a hole"—quite possibly a garbage can—since he "put back the cover." I wonder if Dylan is referring to my old habit of going through Bob's garbage cans, specifically the time I found a used hypodermic needle.

The next seemingly unrelated episode deals with a rock musician who hadn't fucked his old lady in three years. It brought back a line from a rare Dylan song, "Talking Clothesline," in which Dylan stated that something "had made it so hard to fuck." Looking back, by keep-

(continued on page 76)

Three American Poets



Muhammad Ali

Muhammad Ali began writing poetry in 1962 to publicize his fights. The first poem he remembers went:

*Moore will
hit the floor
in round four.*

During a recent visit to Ali's training camp in Deer Lake, Pennsylvania, Andy Warhol asked if he'd written any new poems. Ali, who'd returned from London on the Concorde the previous night, pulled a sheet of lined notepaper covered in scratchy scrawl out of his briefcase and said, "This is the poem I wrote on the Concorde."

Concorde's Palace

I was flying the Concorde
at 60,000 feet
and the feeling you get
is really neat.

It puts everything New York has
to a pity
so to keep it looking bad
they keep it out of the city.

The Americans should be protesting
to save the young boys
instead of wasting time protesting
the Concorde's noise.

The Concorde is the greatest thing
in the history of mankind
when headed in the right direction
it outruns the sunshine.

The Americans left England years ago
in order to be free
so they should remember that the people made the Concorde
out of the roots of their tree.

Patti Smith



italy (the round) for pasolini

picking thru the ruins w/ a stick. the wet leaves against my legs and the bottoms of my feet. in my pocket the silky roll of my stockings. my stomach is contracting. the stones are cold and wet. the rein of virgil and in the distance another castle, parted like the scalp of a student, by a seizure of mold. the quaaludes. the fluid muscle of the crowd. the hot lights. action as a blade that cuts another slice. history. limbs. nostalgic ruins in / ruin. the suspicious rivers and the caves of naples. a ripple in the water is another rib. floating dog. an anklet. a photograph-posthumous blank. a still from a film not shot.

the rocksound. i am ninety feet up. attached to each foot is the deck of a ship. the mast is becoming wings. hair ribbons. the night just laughs just roars. light splinters. i've been up here before on this hot walk. the alcohol is exotic and thick w/ sugar. contraband cigarettes and hot liquors. my fingers are melting but i no longer need them. in the distance-musings, rock is the amplification of the lower head, so arranged that the whole inflorescence resounds as one blooming note.

a salon. a salad and cocaine as the seasoning. the white and impulsive grain that lines the sacristal and sexual throat.

the hotel de france. hard sailors from vienna. the motorcycle scores. seams bursting in leather and the aristocratic scams of the leather rider. all this exists. woman is as prehistoric as a kiss. and here is one shaking her palms at the sky. an actress of unmeasurable task shot by none save the eye of i.

Patti Smith rose out of the boondocks of New Jersey to flash across the skies of America. She owes debts to Muhammad Ali, who inspired her in the Chelsea Hotel in 1965, to William Burroughs, who inspired her in the streets of London in 1968 and to Rimbaud, the first punk rock poet, who died in 1891. She celebrates poetry as witch, shaman, convent schoolgirl and shadow boxer. You can find all of it in Babel, her recently published book of poems.



italy. how lovely you are. and how treacherous is your make-up. i am an insect, a movie star. where are my shades and my boots i am lost. i have taken a lot of speed and i can't bear to live outside film. the radio and the waves of the sea. i'm coming down i'm throwing up. the radio says they are burning the fields. the blood of the poppies. the metallic mouth of a woman sleeping.

the actress blows kisses to pierre pa-olo rising from the sea. victim of fascists and faggots and the purity of his art. waving goodbye. the thrust of his arm. the trust of his view.



pasolini is dead. et morte. shower of petals. flower girls deflowered. virgins skewered and devoured. film-deaths of hollywood stars runs simultaneous split screen 24 hours. vats of flesh and grape shot thru amo valves of cannons. balls of sight. falconetti advancing in a suit of turquoise armor. a tuxedo of manner. on the long beach twist men w/ scales of sores for wings excreting chalone. ocean spittle and slobbering heart. picking the ruins—our pates w/ a stick. our mines are going. we bleed on the sheets. diamonds, not coal, cease to exist. fuel lives! and life, like film, goes on.





Lou Reed

Lou Reed began writing poetry when he was in high school, but he was interrupted by a series of electroshock treatments administered at the request of his parents, who thought Lou's vacant stare and inability to concentrate indicated malaise.

But Reed did not know how to be an American poet until he met his mentor, the brilliant, volcanic poet Delmore Schwartz, now dead of booze and pills. Eventually the dying writer expelled Lou from his skid-row hotel screaming, "You're from the CIA!" but not before he'd also told him, "You're a poet."

This set of poems constitutes the final pages of his still unpublished collection *All the Pretty People*.

Street Hassling

He hit me across the fact
Kicked him in the right place
I put my heel across his knee
Then I silently slid it down
It breaks all the bones
In his feet
And he's down
On the ground

Ohh—pen up his mouth
Put it on the corner of the street
So he's bitin' the curb
And then you kick—
Him in the back of the head

The blood feels so bad and it's red
Do it again
Teeth in the street

Nothing 'bout fighting in the street
Trick trick-trick
You get kicked by the cops
Give it back in return

It wasn't even fighting in the street
An eye for an eye
A tooth for a tooth
Renee likes them in their patrolman's suit
Down on their knees

Dirt

Pickin up pieces, down on the docks
ooohhh dudes with hardons
Pickin up pieces things being heard,
There's a name on the street for you.
I can't be true.

Scouting around on the Lower East Side
A used mattress that what we stand to gain
The rich ladies with their coats
That are worth 6 months rent,
Come down here to get laid.
It's a rich cunt's D.H. Lawrence trip
We're the type, we fascinate and me I love a trip.

Mrs. Pamela Brown at the Dakota
Had 100 foot fur blankets
She had her bottom lifted

And used a bed with badly soiled linen
When she caught the crabs,
You'd have thought it was larceny
She loved it and the doctor for me.
The rich ladies, I sell them sugar.
I'm humanitarian. I give to myself.
That way they're clean.
And I stay out of debt.

Psychologically
It's better that I think...
It's psychologically better
That I think—dirt.
They can think that I'm dirt.
Let them think that I'm dirt.
That's what its worth
Dirt is what its worth.

The Slide

I've got nothing about gay guys
But, faggots, just like a cunt.
Years ago, wherever we would spot them,
Handles down, Alabama, small town
We'd take the ha, ha, so ha, I, he'd
Do the slide
Do the slide
Baby, you's better slide.

Now they got their own baths, yay,
With entertainers, and shit
From the opera. Man.
Famous names, man,
Big ones.
But we know what they do
It's not the same thing.
Its guys like me, who, who, do, do, who
Hate them, beat them, Do, Do.
Want to beat them. Do.
They want to beat them
They want a gang suck off
Show them that they wanna, Bang! go,
Take a Slide.

Man, you better, you understand
What I'm saying, DECIDE

I only let a lady
Put a needle in my arm.
It's too intimate for cats.
Like sex with a rag on.

When she does it without a tie, hey
She's one of the guys. Man.
She don't have to Slide. Who.
Except for big ones. Do.

The Man

There's a reason Marcy tells me
It's me that she wants to get love from
There are somethings she understands
I'm the man whose really got some

She's really #3
2 ahead of her
I've got her a steady job
Oh, jeez, I'll watch out for her

Here comes Mr. D.
He's a Dr in the city
They had to tie him off to a chair
And beat the living shit out of him
And beat the living shit out of him
That's \$50 for a half hour show
Call us anytime if you will, for the kids, it's a thrill
For the kids, for the kids, kiss
It can kill

Ah, here's a famous folk singer
He likes to have razors scrape down his back
He's got this old Jewish thing
'bout Negroes
So we give him Matilda
She rather be called Tuesday

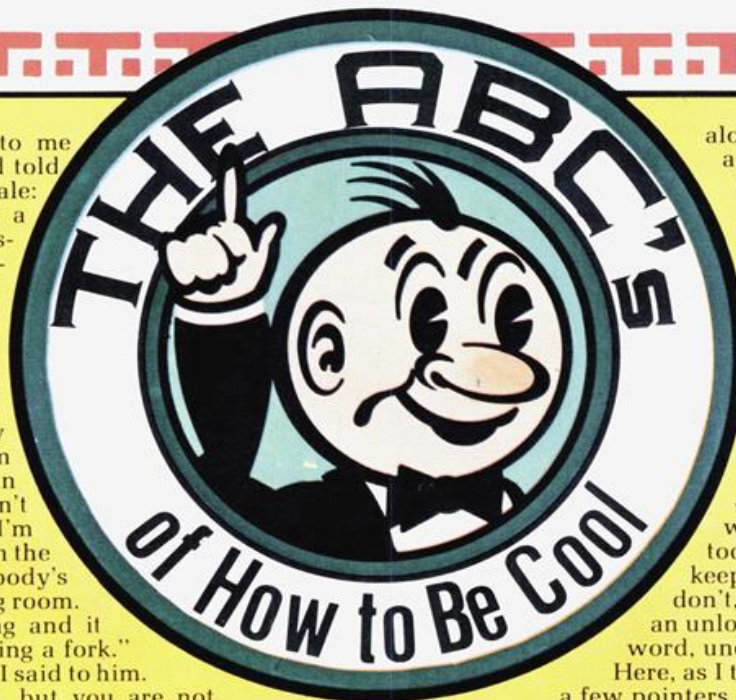
So I call her Thursday
Matilda time, huh?
Well here's another limp dick
Matilda tie him up
Take a razor to his back
Slowly, slowly man
Seem enough,
Two little lines
Two on his back
He's a Jewess
A folk singer—
He ain't thought about by a minister
He's your penthouse apartment penitent

And a thrill to your choice
Andy Warhol says he wants
A doorman or a doorwoman
Don't matter
To me either, either one of which
Says the fastest, cost the leastest.

My last
Hey Thursday's fastest
But Tuesday we have Fanny and
Georgie, hey man, hey
...Folk ☐

A friend came up to me the other day and told me this very sad tale: "Man, my whole life is a mess. I'm just plain desperate. My job is terrible—I'm a yes man for a boss who always says no. My salary is peanuts. Every time I figure out a way to make ends meet, somebody moves the ends. And then there's my love life—girls only seem to date me during a certain time of month. And I can't even get high. At parties, I'm the one who gets locked in the bathroom while everybody's blowing coke in the living room. I mean, if I was starving and it rained soup, I'd be carrying a fork."

"Hey, hold on, buddy," I said to him. "You do have problems, but you are not



alone by any means." A piece of a ditty comes to mind, penned long ago in the early Seventies by Loudon Wainwright III. It goes:

If I was sixteen again, I'd give my eye tooth.
I'm tired and I'm hungry and I'm lookin' for my youth.
I'm a little uncool and I'm a little uncouth.
Oh, excuse me,
Yes, excuse me
If you will.*

Time flies by. What was once cool, in the days when it was effortless to be cool, is today awkward. It's tough to keep up, let's face it. And if you don't, you run the risk of becoming an unloved, unlauded, unhigh slob. In a word, uncool.

Here, as I told my despairing friend, are a few pointers, an alphabet of coolness.

The coolest article ever written by the world's coolest expert by Rex "Iceman" Weiner



A is for attitude. Attitude is everything. If you are absolutely convinced that what you're doing is cool, then it's cool. Don't let anybody tell you otherwise. With the right attitude you can get away with anything. You can be a slob or a sophisticate, blow your nose on a hanky or on someone's shirt front, it doesn't matter. It's *your* attitude that counts. To hell with everybody else.

B is for being. Being cool is not necessarily equal to being good or being bad. Cool is merely a way of being. Cool people are both good and bad and everything in between. Like Zen Buddhism, cool is an aesthetic of self, a coat of style worn on top of underwear that is either moral or immoral (that's up to you).

C is for competent. Cool people are always competent (but not necessarily the other way around). Back in the Sixties, being competent allied one with the government, technology, the war machine, academia and uptightsville. But as the Eighties approach, and power passes from Them to Us, it's becoming rapidly more obvious how much fun one can have at the controls if one knows how to work the machine. The coolest way to take over a scene is to be better than everybody else. For instance, to shut out bad lawyers, be a better lawyer. The coolest way to get rid of bad accountants or doctors is to be a better accountant or doctor. Better still, be so competent at whatever you do that you make enough money to hire better accountants, lawyers and doctors. Being the best is cool.

D is for danger. Cool people are always dangerous because they take risks. Danger is cool because you know you're not going to live forever, and knowing that lets you relax. When people find out exactly how relaxed you are (when driving very fast, when carrying large quantities of money or contraband, when taking a controversial stand on some issue), they tend to give you the respect you deserve.

E is for energy. Cool people have a great deal of energy. They don't go to bed before three or four in the morning, and they don't wake up before noon. They get everything done on time and always have about three or four things going on at once.





G is for go. When in doubt, always keep going. Cool people never hesitate. They only stop when they're dead.

F is for fashion. Duck's-ass haircuts, jeans with cuffs rolled up, cigarettes tucked into T-shirt sleeves, bobby sox, ponytails and mo- hair sweaters used to be emblems of cool in the Fifties. In other times it was zoot suits, derby hats, bustles, powdered wigs and codpieces. Today you can rip up all your clothes (or buy them already ripped up at Macy's), stick them together with safety pins, dye your hair cancerous green and call yourself a Nazi punk. You may be cool. Most likely, since there are hundreds of others doing just the same thing, you're not.

H is for high. Getting high is as cool as you can get. By any means available. But just because you prefer bourbon and this guy over here is getting off on Maui Wowie is no reason for him to say that he's cooler than thou. Drug snobs are definitely uncool. The jet setter sniffing coke through a rolled-up thousand-dollar bill has more in common with the pimple-faced high-school glue huffer than he'd like to admit.



I is for irrational. Get a reputation for being unpredictable and crazy. You're the kind of person who's liable to do anything anywhere any- time. The ultimate cool is being able to lose control completely and still come out of the episode all right. Say what- ever comes into your mind, get into fistfights, dance like a devil, wrap your new car around a tree, demand every- thing you want immediately and make sure that you get it. But also gain a reputation for consistency. Paradox is the absolute essence of cool.

J is for jerks. Cool people always keep a few around, just to catch flak. Jerks, fools and knaves attach themselves to cool people in a symbiotic relationship. Jerks are cool, so long as you aren't one. (The truth is, however, we are all born jerks, and don't forget it!)

L is for lucky. Everyone admires cool people for being lucky, but this is an illusion. Cool people aren't lucky, they're skillful.

K is for Kools, the cigarette brand. Kools used to be the brand favored by cool people, because smoking a Kool is like sucking on a motorcycle tailpipe. Today, though, cool people don't smoke cigarettes, be- cause lighting up a cigarette is a sure sign of nervousness. Cool people are never nervous (or at least they have the sense not to show it).





N is for Negroes. They invented a lot of this stuff. It used to be cool for white people to act like blacks (talking jive, digging jazz, being "oppressed," etc.). Today it's not at all cool to talk or act like black people. Even black people don't do it.

M is for mainstream. Go against it. The rebel is always in trouble, always has a tougher time, but the rebel is always cool. If everybody around you is busy being hip, be square. In a roomful of nervous people, be calm. Talk loudly in libraries. What the hell.

O is for opinions. Have lots of them. Know exactly what should be done about the Mideast situation. Give precise reasons for why you liked *Star Wars* better than *Close Encounters*. Like or dislike people immediately (and never change your mind about them) and don't be afraid to say so. Too many people go through life without ever deciding whether they want mustard or ketchup on their hamburgers. You damn well better have things your way!

P is for personality. Cool people keep theirs sharply defined. Here is a quick, partial list of cool personalities: Elvis Presley, Muhammad Ali, G. Gordon Liddy, Bugs Bunny, Picasso, James Bond (as played by Sean Connery), Leopold Stokowski, Victoria C. Woodhull, Lenin, Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., Adolf Hitler, Albert Einstein, Marlene Dietrich, Popeye, Emma Goldman, Andy Warhol, Mr. Natural, Robert DeNiro and Bob Marley. If you're trying to figure out what ties these people together, it's *sincerity*: you never doubt for a second that they are (or were) what they seem to be.

Q is for quiet. If you're cool, you have very little to say most of the time. Because you don't talk much, people think you are thinking profound thoughts. This may or may not be the case. Actually, most people talk too much, and what's there to say that hasn't already been said, anyway? So just shut up and be cool.

R is for rock 'n' roll. It will never die. Cool people go to rock concerts, listen to loud music, get high in the johns, drink booze, get rowdy in their seats, dance in the aisles; but if they're cool, they definitely do not throw firecrackers. Not only isn't it cool, but if I ever get my hands on the cretin who was sitting three rows in back of me at the Jethro Tull concert two weeks ago, I'll wring his neck.

S is for sex. If you're cool, you're sexy. But that's as far as it should go. Bed is not the place to be cool. Sex should be conducted in as uncouth a manner as possible.



T is for time. Time was, in ancient times, a Roman citizen was cool if he or she could eat enormous meals by vomiting after each course (a slave would tickle the back of the throat with a feather). It was also cool to speak Greek in cultured tones. During the Middle Ages, cool was codified into something called "chivalry," which cool knights followed religiously. It was once cool for popes to have children, for Chinese to smoke opium, for Germans to wear swastikas. Times change. But cool is forever.

W is for work. Cool people are always busy. It's cool to work. The coolest thing is to work for yourself. If you're working nine to five for someone else, you do the best you can. But you should always have outside projects, get-rich-quick schemes and scams, lots of irons on the fire, a full schedule every day. Cool people are always busy. But cool people never work up a sweat.

X is for extra. If you're cool, you invariably ask for a little more, and if you're cool, you invariably get it.

Y is for youth. In the Sixties, youth (if you had it, if you imitated it) was automatically cool. Every day, however, the median age in this country moves up. Right now, it's 29. It better be cool to act your age, or else a lot of us are in trouble.

U is for unique. Eminently cool people are always unlike anybody else. Nobody knows quite what makes them so, but everybody will spend hours trying to figure it out. What they come up with, often enough, is, "Boy, I sure hate that son of a bitch!" Being hated is no less cool than being loved.

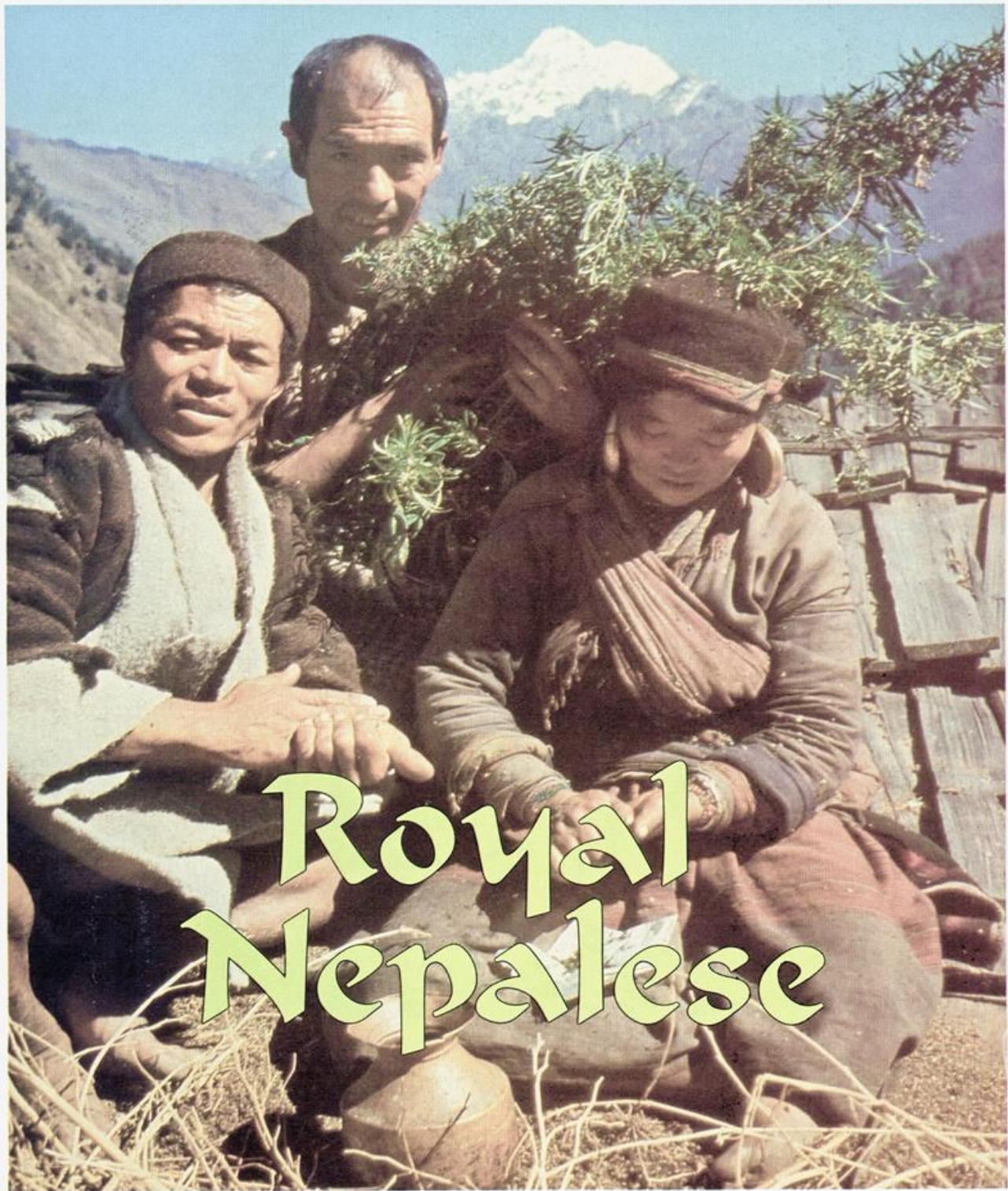
V is for vehicle. The important thing here is to drive American. Fords, Chevys, Pontiacs, Caddys and so on are always cooler wheels than Mercedes, Triumphs, Fiats, VWs, Toyotas, Datsuns and all those other foreign trade deficits. Motorcycles too. What could be cooler than a solid, American-built Harley-Davidson? Don't fall for phony European sophistication: if they're so cool, how come we have to feed them? (This goes double for Russia!)

Z is for zodiac, and the signs thereof. Not having one is the next big thing.





Cool	Uncool	Cool	Uncool
Bald-headed women	Bald-headed men	'58 Edsel	'57 Chevy
Arby's	McDonald's	Lofts	Bungalows
Bicycle chains	Daisy chains	Pyramids	Pup tents
Throwing up	Growing up	Swallowing	Gagging
Perrier water	Billy Beer	Nursery school	Law school
"Twilight Zone"	"Space: 1999"	Area rugs	Wall-to-wall
Black leather	Black Naugahyde	Veins	Arteries
Zippers	Buttons	Szechuan food	Cantonese food
Psychic predictions	Acid flashbacks	Ethnics	WASPs
Shaved pubes	Five o'clock shadow	Spiked heels	Platform shoes
Blue boxes	Blue balls	Berlin	San Francisco
Solar energy	Nuclear energy	<i>Invasion of the Body Snatchers</i>	<i>Close Encounters of the Third Kind</i>
Light a joint	In the joint		
Suicide	Homicide	McDonald's coffee stirs	Turquoise and silver coke snorters
Satin sheets	Navy blankets	<i>First A Star Is Born</i>	<i>Second and third A Star Is Born</i>
Clap	Herpes		
Martini olives	Maraschino cherries	Pop	Op
"Kojak" episodes filmed in New York	"Kojak" episodes filmed in L.A.	"Dragnet"	"Adam 12"
Information overload	Nervous breakdown	Rubber pants	Leather pants
Soldier of Fortune	National Review	The Fonz	Henry Winkler
Phone phreaks who dropped out of high school	Mailmen with Ph.D.'s	The 8 A.M. Concorde flight from London to Teheran	The New York to Boston shuttle
		A 1959 Caddy with fins	A 1969 VW van with psychedelic painting
Juicers	Blenders	Clint Eastwood	Charles Bronson
Indian peyote chants	Gospel music	One-handed match flicking	Flicking your Bic
Machiavelli	Michael Korda	Smoking hash in Morocco	Snorting amyl nitrite in Detroit
Sean Connery as James Bond	Roger Moore as James Bond	Trading for turquoise with Navahos	Trading for blubber with Eskimos
Liquid amphetamine	Liquid protein		
K-Y Jelly	Bengay	Science fiction	Scientology
Plastic explosives	Plastic surgery	Future shock	Nostalgia
Blow jobs	Nose jobs	Woks	Microwave ovens
Facial scars	Appendectomy scars	Laverne	Shirley



Royal Nepalese

Sacred Smoke of Shangri-la

Text and photos by Laurence Cherniak

Royal Nepalese is the hashish that connoisseurs relish most. It is, by the widest gourmet agreement, the finest, richest, most subtle of smokes, the hashishin's hashish. Its gentle breath is as clean and pleasing as the air of the sub-Himalayan peaks where it flourishes; it seizes the mind like a rush of tantric energy gurgling up the spine of a Tibetan holy man as he leaps from peak to peak in those fabled "pastures of rapture." Seductively smokable, it translates fleeting thoughts into reality and consequently is one of the most sought-after delicacies on the international dope black market. Indeed, it is considered priceless by those who treasure it





**In the Himalayas,
marijuana plants
become trees
20 to 30 feet high,
harboring huge
spiders waiting for
victims to plunge
into 10-foot webs.**

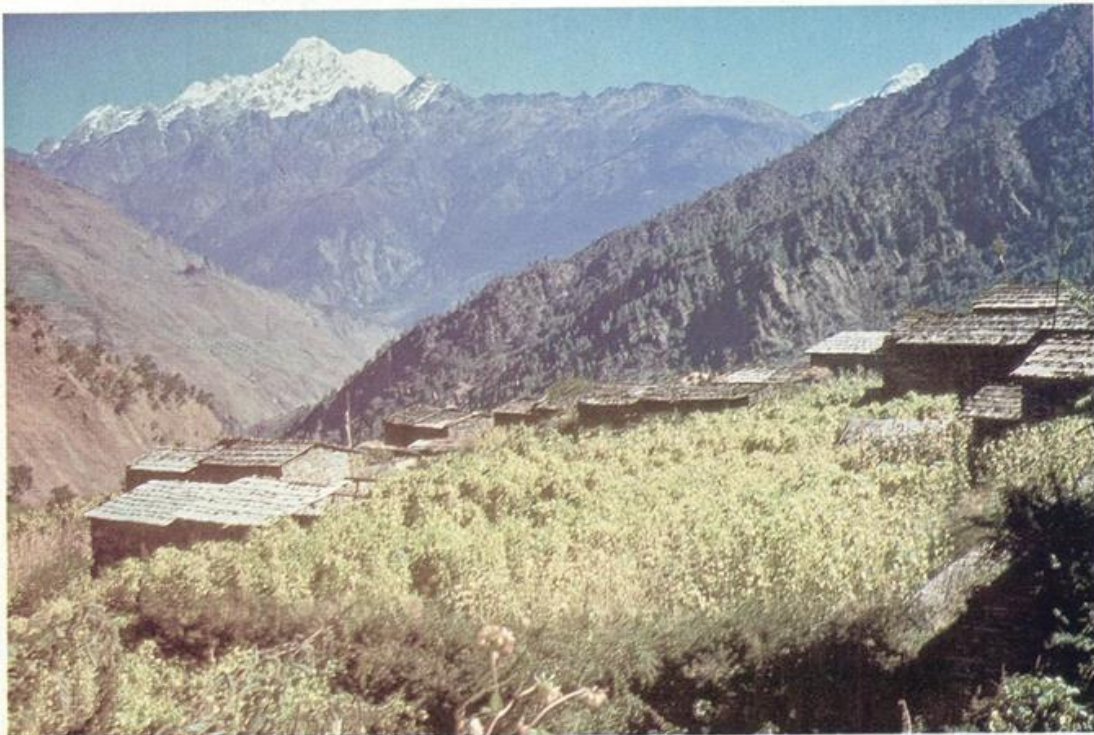
as a sacrament. And a sacrament it is, by God, piously cultivated and refined by the faithful Himalayan servants of the herb, whose families have grown it since time immemorial.

First-quality Royal comes from the upper slopes of the Himalayan Sivapuri, Nagarjun and Nagarkot ranges that hide the holy city of Katmandu. On these peaks, cannabis plants reach up to the sky as if in prayer, drinking in the golden amber medicine of the sun at the highest altitude fit for agriculture in the world.

As the majestic slopes rise, tiny terraces of neatly cultivated ganja bushes jostle vast jungles where the shrubs become trees, the tallest marijuana plants in the world often growing for two years and to heights of 20 to 30 feet, harboring giant monkeys, serpents and huge spiders waiting for victims to plunge into their ten-foot webs. Instinctively evading the pitfalls of this smoker's paradise, the tiny smiling Nepalese hashish farmers arise every morning between four and six to commence rubbing hashish from plants that are still moist with fragrant dew.

The dew is loaded with fresh pollen that would otherwise evaporate or dry on the leaves during the semitropical heat of the day. During the monsoon rains that make hash rubbing impossible from mid-May to mid-August, the pollen is washed away while the plants continue to grow to towering heights and year-round ripeness.

The dew full of pollen is very sticky and clings to the skin. After 15 or 20 minutes of rubbing, the palms become very dark green and the hashish is scraped off with a knife. These scrapings are rubbed



Acres of superlative Royal Nepalese plants bask luxuriantly in the midday Himalayan sun.



Thick rich loaves of Royal Nepalese mellow under the gaze of the almighty Buddha. His name inspires devotion, their smoke inspires dreams.

and pressed together until they form a piece of hashish. This is the most important step. If the hashish is not pressed until it is well finished, then it will not be anywhere near the best standards. It may crumble apart

easily or be so moist or hard it won't even burn.

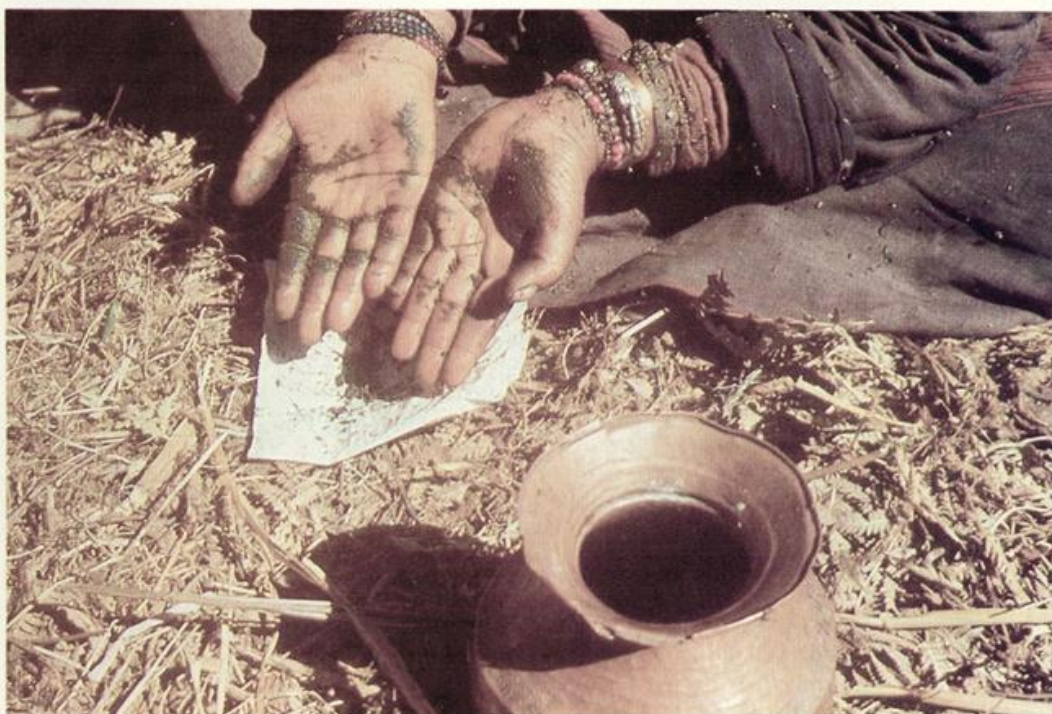
If the hashish is not properly pressed, it will be useless within months. It will become hard as a rock or brittle like ice that will break into chips, or it will dry into im-

potent powder and dust.

Nepal's famous "temple balls" must absolutely conform to strict standards before being acceptable for consideration as first-quality Royal. There must be no mold whatsoever, inside or out.



After just a few minutes of rubbing, there appears a slight glistening of resin in the sunlight.



Finally, the precious resins begin to collect on the palms as tiny strands of hash. Blisters are an occupational hazard in Nepal.

They must be pliable if held in a closed palm for 15 to 20 minutes, but definitely not gooey and/or sticky. The exterior should be very dark, almost black. The lengthy pressing process causes the exterior granules of the hash-

ish to be more compact or dense, making a seal like wax on a cheese. No air can enter that would cause the hashish to decompose. The seal keeps in the resins, odor and flavor and can be smoked. It is imperishable.

An interior cross section of the temple ball must reveal the hashish to be homogenized throughout. Internal cracks show it to be poorly made—really just a few pieces of crude hash squeezed together. As for the odor, a

Along the upper slopes, cannabis plants reach up to the sky in prayer, drinking in the golden amber medicine of the sun.

one- or two-ounce piece (and it very rarely comes bigger: a three-ounce piece is about tops) would not smell much. If heated with a match for a few seconds, the aroma will be stronger. However, if the piece is broken open (not cut), then the bouquet of a wonderful essence, smelling as fresh as the day it was sealed, even after a period of many months, will blossom forth.

Making Royal hashish is a time-consuming and almost painstaking process. It takes ten men working eight hours a day to produce one kilo amongst them. During a harvest, whole families gleefully turn out to rub hashish until breakfast time. The dew in the deeper mountain gorges or steaming on jungle farms usually hangs in until the early afternoons, but these Himalayans are true zealots who pride themselves on being at the fountainhead of the best hashish in the world.

Working this way, the Nepalese modestly calculate that they supply at least one-twelfth of all the world's annual supply of smoke: enough to turn on the planet's entire smoking population for one month. Were the local hash growers to reorganize their plantations and plots of soil on the plan of Southern California's agribusiness, the figure would at least double. Thousands of millions of plants go to seed every year for lack of attention; the ganja leaves slowly overripen to a rich golden brown, then wither, bend under their own weight and roll right off the bush. Yet, it is because the Nepalese lavish so much personal attention on a few plants that their hashish leads the world in quality if not in quantity. Truly, Royal Nepalese is hashish fit for a king. 🍀

Dateline:

Punk London

A guide to punks, pubs and pastimes

by Victor Bockris

Dee Dee Ramone: London sucks, man, it sucks!
Joey Ramone: Yeah, London sucks. But it's great.
Dee Dee: Yeah, it's great, it's great. But it sucks.

London is alive with rock 'n' roll, and it's all punk. In fact, going to London now is like going to Jamaica, if you replace reggae and the rastas with punk rock and the punks. So when the Ramones invited me to stay with them at the Holiday Inn and go to their concert at London's premier rock venue The Rainbow, it seemed like the ideal opportunity to nip back and check things out. What better way to go to London than with America's hottest punk rock group.

There are two ways to go. For the (\$1,589 round trip) rich, there is the Concorde, about which film director Nicholas (Performance, The Man Who Fell to Earth) Roeg observed:

"The people who serve you are extra good-looking, and you can go up and look at the pilots and they're good-looking. And they have the most fantastic security checks where all the baggage is checked. Once you get on they give you all kinds of toys, crowns and slippers with 'Concorde' on them. You're traveling at the speed of a bullet at 60,000 feet and you can see the black sky, so you're just like a great astronaut...."

For the common stiff, there is Freddy Laker's Skytrain, which will cover the same distance for \$250 but under extremely different circumstances. People who take Skytrain find themselves in a dilemma because, although they're grateful to Laker for bringing the prices down, they feel he's asking them to put up with too much. He jams too many people into the available space. The film is shown on a small screen, breaks regularly and is inaudible. The stewardesses are on ups and laugh like Annie Hall, and the captain's intercom gets feedback every time

he tries to speak to the passengers.

However, British Airways, TWA, Pan Am, El Al, Air Iran or Air India will fly you on standby for \$25 more. If you choose a day in the middle of the week that isn't a major holiday season, you'll probably be able to get a standby seat.

When you get off the plane, there's a green sign and a red sign. The green sign says: *If you don't want to declare anything, follow the green arrow*, which means you walk out into sunlight. The red sign says: *If you want to declare anything, show it to us*. I mean, what are you going to say, "I have four grams of coke and an ounce of Colombian marijuana"? There are a few smiling policemen standing around to welcome you, but I have never seen anyone stopped by English Customs. It's advisable to appear straight: the key to having a good time in England is to behave discreetly.

My own latest London search began in the Portobello Road Antique Market, a famous street for bargain hunters. Poking around what looked like an occult bookshop, I bought *The Hip Pocket Hitler*. Further down the street, I stopped by a large display of buttons featuring the faces and slogans of rock stars ranging from standards like Elvis, Lennon and Lou Reed through all the punk bands with emphasis on the Pistols, Clash and Damned when, sure enough, there was Adolf's face again. And walking among the stalls I found a large assortment of Nazi regalia that one old crone complained she couldn't get enough of.

The most relevant political organization (because it is polarizing opinion) in England today is called the National Front. A considerable number of English



Oh, what a bad, bad day for...
CATHY IS FINE
Rotten's brother may lose an eye



THE RETIN HOP

OF THE UNIONS BRITISH NAZIS



1988



RAINBOW THEATRE
Saturday DEC. 31
Stalls £2.50
A 28

THE NEW WAVE PUNK ROCK EXPLOSION

Leon's Restaurant

BAD TASTE XMAS ISSUE



Mick & Sheila Rock



Mick & Sheila Rock

London taxis outside a punk pub where tough toffs come on to blond beasts.



Mick & Sheila Rock

Some crummy antique flower shop, about the best poor old Blighty can produce these days. Actually, it's Elton John's restaurant.

Where to Stay

There are hundreds of hotels, ranging from the very cheap (but comfortable and clean) to the most expensive in the world. I stayed in and can recommend the following:

The Portobello Hotel

\$25 per night—single. \$32 per night—double. Considered hip and cheap. Patti Smith stays here.

The Belsize Square Guest House

\$10 per night—single. \$20 per night—double. Rooms with kitchenettes in a quiet residential neighborhood next door to the exclusive Hampstead section. Highly recommended, convenient to subways and shops, etc.

The Ritz

\$55 per night—single. \$70 per night—double. \$100 per night—suite. This is a grand hotel, but for those who can afford it, if only for one night, it will do you a world of good. Don't make the mistake of going to the Dorchester, Claridges or the Savoy, which have all gone downhill while becoming more expensive, or the wretched Hilton where you are thoroughly frisked at the door and the service is nonexistent. The Ritz, alone among the grand hotels, remains totally reticent and charming.

The Mandeville

\$27 per night—single. \$16 per night—single (without bath). \$40 per night—double. A good central location with a bargain single if you don't mind not taking a bath (probably not worth it anyway, no hot water most of the time).

people are sympathetic, though many of them wouldn't admit it because the Front is overtly fascist and the British are still confused about fascism. The 55,000,000 English, who are squeezed into a country the size of Pennsylvania, have a "color problem"—they don't like black or brown people—and the National Front is stolidly racist.

"Upper-class" people (aristocrats and their relatives—in England money doesn't automatically buy acceptance) live in their own world and have very little, other than practical, contact with anyone outside it. The "middle class," which has always been hooked on upward mobility, will have nothing to do with the "lower class," which has always been living on unimaginably small incomes (kids in London are getting \$25 to \$30 a week!) inside tiny horizons.

Privileged Britons are either snobs with empty heads or—quite often—intelligent eccentrics bent by too much inbreeding but energetic and open to ideas, if not to other people. The middle class is 100-percent provincial and totally boring. Members of the lower class, from which most of the energy for change has come since World War II, are either louts or razor-sharp wits. The best English poetry since the war has come out of the working class (e.g. Tom Pickard) and so, of course, has the best British rock.

The British punk rock scene is not violent or frightening. I've noticed in the reports of numerous recent American visitors to London some initial trepidation: Will I get my eye put out? Will they smash my camera? Will they steal my wallet? I had exactly the same reactions. I literally hid my wallet and didn't take my tape recorder when I went to hear one of the best up-and-coming bands, Sham 69, at London's leading punk club The Vortex.

Basically punk is a sensibility and an attitude, and if you're into it, you're automatically right. I'm walking down the Kings Road and a kid in black with spiky yellow hair and black glasses comes around the corner and grins—a flash of recognition. And in the clubs everyone is having a good time.

On my first day in London the headlines of The Sun (a standard daily) were devoted to the Sex Pistols. Inside there was a series of gruesome stories: "Rotten's Brother May Lose an Eye." ("We've had enough trouble already," sobs Mrs. Rotten, "and now this.")

But when I went to lunch with some of the local bigwig London rock critics, brimming over with enthusiasm for punk rock in England and America, they quickly clipped my sails: "All the American groups—except the Ramones, who sold out all their concerts—have died."

"Americans don't understand English punk at all because the English punk audience is much younger (15-18) and they're all truly frustrated, bitter kids who have to get drunk very quickly in order to have a good time. English punks are totally committed to punk rock and don't see it as an amusement but a cause."

I quizzed Tommy, Johnny and Dee Dee Ramone (Joey was destroying his room trying to take a shower) in their room a few hours before their New Year's Eve concert at The Rainbow, about British punk. They reported:

"The kids in England are more open to things and a little hipper in terms of picking up on something that's different and good. They're looking for new groups. In the United States they're not really looking; the groups have to be pushed on them. In reality the English punk scene and the American punk scene are almost the same thing. Because the kids who go



GABBA GABBA HEY! The Ramones rockin' at London's Rainbow club.

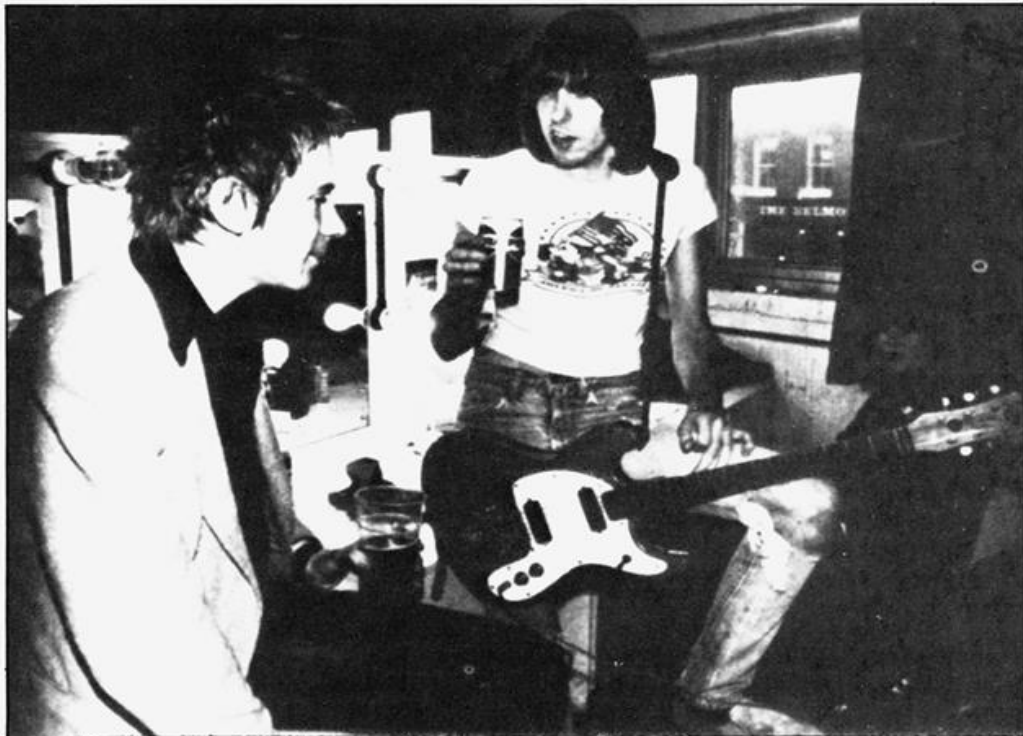
places to see you are just regular kids. The actual punks are very few both in the United States and England.

"A lot of English kids are bitter toward the United States. You see it all over. We feel it constantly. People write letters to the fanzines saying bitter things, groups write songs that are bitter about the United States. They think we can't relate to their problems, we're singing jolly songs while they're singing about getting a job. Well, we didn't have any jobs either when we started a group, but you can't just sit around being depressed about it all the time. It's the difference between the American and British mentality. We have to think it's a joke already, while they get completely negative about it."

I asked the Ramones about the Sex Pistols:

"We saw the Sex Pistols. Their entire setup cost \$1,000, and the show was very boring. They didn't relate to the audience, they were just withdrawing through the whole set and huddling closer to the drums. We like them, but we don't like being around people who use drugs, it makes us nervous. And they're very misinformed by their manager. We talked to Sid Vicious and said something about the States and he didn't know anything about it. We feel bad for them.... That Johnny guy has got interesting phrasing, but he can't carry a tune. Maybe he doesn't want to—he's a punk, right?"

After being called back for four encores by a raving, capacity audience, the Ramones returned to their dressing room and collapsed. I went upstairs to the bar and ran smack into Johnny Rotten, who looks exactly like Johnny Rotten. Why is he the most popular singer in England? Because he projects the most intense hatred. As the Ramones pointed out, the English are indeed heavily into being



Exclusive photo: Historic first meeting between the Ramones and the Sex Pistols. Johnny Rotten [left] and Johnny Ramone.

A Doper's Guide to England

by Gilbert Choate

The dope scene in England is one of surprising contrasts in which courtly old-world airs and graces contrast with the straightforward manners of the working class. As a visitor, you might find yourself one day inhaling Peruvian flake or "cannabis resin" (hash oil) in a stately manor house with a choice company of rock stars, young peers thrice descended from William the Conqueror and gorgeously groomed British "birds" (easily distinguished from female members of the royal family, who may be recognized by their resemblance, in face and form, to "Saturday Night Live's" John Belushi). In such company, it is considered very upper-class to raise the pipe or straw to one's nose or mouth with the pinkie of the right hand raised and extended slightly, as if drinking a cup of tea.

Alternatively, should you find yourself domiciled with members of the lower orders, you can expect to spend many tedious hours unrolling and rerolling Players #6 cigarettes in order to combine the tobacco with North African hashish, the predominant smoking mixture in the British Isles due to the relative scarcity of unrefined marijuana, which is seldom exported in bulk except from and within the Western Hemisphere. The mixture is a strong one, due to the use of violent Asiatic tobaccos, and Americans unaccustomed to it may find themselves rolling on the floor, coughing and gasping and suffering from the delusion that their shoes are too tight. In such circles one

often meets Gandalf-robed hippies who will unexpectedly roll their eyes, shake their beards and intone, "Oooo, me droogies, le's go oot into th' woods an' eat s'm moosh'r'ms lak th' Doods of oold." Women travelers are also warned that they may be invited by journalists or Irishmen to discuss Ugandan affairs, which is an invitation to sexual congress.

The consumption of recreational drugs is widespread in Britain, and Mr. Bockris reports that he has observed pink-cheeked Eton lads inhaling "North Sea hash oil" and cocaine in restaurants, no doubt as an alternative to the standard English fare of bangers and mash (pork sausages and potatoes). Possibly due to the recent influx of Afro-Asian immigrants fleeing the vicissitudes of self-government in former colonies of the British crown, unrefined marijuana from Nigeria, Uganda and Pakistan has recently become more available in Britain and may be purchased with American currency at a favorable rate of exchange. Heroin, which is available to those who register with the government as addicts, is available on the black market, as are Mandies (Quaaludes), sulphate (speed), cocaine and LSD.

According to a recent report in a British magazine, the Prince of Wales, concerned about premature baldness, consulted a physician who now has him regularly inhaling the fumes of "a herb thought to stimulate growth of the hair follicles." There'll always be an England.

negative. Twenty minutes and six drinks later, we went down to the Ramones' dressing room which was by now packed with Britain's punk rock elite. All the Pistols were there. Their drummer asked me for money and when I told him I had none (a blatant lie, since people from America always at least *look* as if they have money) he stared moodily into his beer and muttered, "Yes you have."

After a while I left the dressing room with the Ramones, got into the Mercedes limousine and drove to Elton John's restaurant, Friends. When we got there everyone was amazed because no one was there except four fat guys playing Christmas songs and a poof (British phrase for gay) in a Scottish kilt who turned out to be Elton's manager. We looked at each other and said, "Let's get drunk!"

The next morning I went out to try and find some punk-rocker clothes. The best place to shop is a great punk boutique called Boy on King's Road. I got a pair of tight black pants, high-heel boots and wrap-around black sunglasses, so I was all ready to go out to the punk clubs I'd been hearing so much about: Dingwalls, The Vortex, Rock Garden, Music Machine, Marquee, Speakeasy, Bang, Monkberry's, Sombrero....

If you're a shopper, you *have* to go to Harrods. Harrods is like a fairy castle. Take an elevator directly to the fourth floor, leave your coat and any parcels you're carrying at the Parcel Room and go to one of the six restaurants and coffee bars for a drink or snack before inspecting the layout of the store and beginning to wander around. There's a lounge to rest in if you get tired, a zoo to look at animals in (you can buy a rhinoceros) and lots of telephones to call all your friends and make appointments. Occasionally you can buy something, but don't try stealing. The English are polite, but their laws are strict and their policemen are nasty if you do something wrong.

To find out what's on in London, hit the local newsstand and buy *Sounds* and the *New Musical Express*. Also buy *The Ritz*, London's equivalent to Andy Warhol's *Interview*. It is a society paper and has interviews with beautiful upper-class girls who say, "Well, yes, I suppose I *am* a snob, and I do say awful things to people, but I just can't help it." Being a snob is acceptable in England; in fact, it's good (but not on the punk rock scene). Also good reading: the *Herald Tribune* (best American paper in the world) and the *London Times*. The weekly *Time Out* is essential for intelligent info about everything that's on in town.

The subways in London are efficient, fast, clean and quiet, and once you get a neat little subway map from the man who takes your money you can't go wrong. It looks complicated, because there's no symmetry to it, but London is a very easy town to travel around. All you need is the

subway map and an A-Z, a guide book you can get at any stationery store or newsstand.

The addresses and telephone numbers of any place mentioned are available in the excellent and easy-to-read *London telephone directory*, or else you can call Information (142). However, a word of warning: the worst thing about England for an American is the telephone service. Try to make a long distance call: a typical number will be 0637774430.

Even on local calls, half the time you have to dial more than once to get it to ring; even then it's very hard to hear anything your party says. English telephones look nice, but the concept is somehow still an invasion of privacy to the very formal British, and they have yet to construct an efficient telephone service.

The English attitude toward Americans is revealing: they like Americans, but they don't respect a lot of them. They can't understand why Jimmy Carter is president, and they find Billy Carter shocking. In fact, he's done Jimmy a lot of harm in

**England's punks
are much
younger than
America's and
truly frustrated,
bitter kids
who don't see
punk rock
as an amusement
but as a cause.**

England because they take him seriously. They liked President Ford very much. He seemed more like a leader.

It is no coincidence that George Orwell was English and wrote *1984* in England, because the English like to have a leader. They have only excelled when they've had great leaders, which is why they now cling so pathetically to the incredibly dull royal family. They want *someone* to tell them what to do, and if a Winston Churchill isn't available to rant on the radio, they'll put Prince Phillip on TV and ask him something... anything!

During my five days in London I played the three British TV channels constantly in hotel rooms and people's apartments. Part of what the English are into can clearly be seen on their TV screens: little girls, farting and shit, the royal family, innocent American movies, sadistic game shows and playing down the news, which is presented in a very boring deadpan straight out of George Orwell. Newscasters are not superstars in England.

Most of London is as it always has been. The parks are full of gardens, ponds,

benches and beautiful views. In the men's room of Kensington Gardens I found a toilet attendant scrubbing away at an immaculately clean floor. The toilet paper was soft and luxurious. On the wall there was a plaque with the opening notes of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. Nothing suggested disruption. Everything pointed to the maintenance of order and civilization. The English people are not drawn to change.

Our Brit cousins drink a lot. They never have any money. Most everything (except for a few of the rock or private clubs) closes at 11 P.M., and the buses and subways stop running at 11:30, so if you're not safely home by then, you have to walk or take a cab. Most Londoners would never dream of taking a taxi.

But London is so cheap you could go for a week and do a whole lot. Apart from the rock scene, and the great restaurants, and the great stores, and the funny taxis you can stand up in that smell of leather, and double-decker buses, and beautiful parks, and the beautiful boys and girls, there's also this incredible history to check out.

Some people put this down and say, "I'm not interested in this old stuff," but that's dumb because it's really fun to go to, for example, the Tower of London, where the guide says in a gravel voice, "This is the room where the two little princesses were smothered to death by their wicked jailor who later wept and hung himself, and this is the block of wood on which Anne Boleyn had her head cut off, and this is the butt of Malmsey wine that Clarence Duke of Kent was drowned in!"

Then there's the Tate Gallery, with its marvelous selection of wines at extraordinarily low prices in the restaurant and the visionary paintings by William Blake in its gallery, not to forget Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors where you can see the acid baths brutal British child murderers melted their victims in and a life-size wax statue of a bug-eyed Caryl Chessman about to fry in the electric chair. I could go on.

The major question asked these days by anybody asking questions is: What will happen to England in the future? "We are the future: no future," answers Johnny Rotten, and his cry has struck a chord throughout the western world. People in nations behave without the faintest regard for what the past could have taught them about their odds. The only chance the English, who do not blend well together, have of getting any kind of position in the world at this point is in finding a very strong leader and living under a virtual dictatorship, according to a lot of people who like to answer questions but say they don't want to be quoted. "A socialist England," prophesied Adolph Hitler, "would be a permanent danger in Europe, for she would founder in such poverty that the British Isles would prove too small to support 30 million inhabitants." ■



You could be the next Sylvester Stallone

by Amos Poe

If we have learned anything from New Wave (punk) rock, it's an aesthetic for the new form: the minimal sound and the maximum idea that what is fresh and unpretentious is somehow more truthful and—maybe—more honest. What's the use of Elton John speaking of pain (unless of a hair transplant) or Peter Frampton talking of sorrow, when we all know that these two men can buy their way out of five or six infernos and can jet from here to eternity and never miss a gig? Not that rich boys don't experience pain or that a fat wallet is any antidote for sorrow, it's just that a million dollars will buy the kind of escape that most of us can't afford. What many of us *can* af-

Scenes from *Unmade Beds*



Patti Astor and Eric Mitchell.



Duncan Hannah and Debbie "Blondie" Harry.

Photos by Fernando Natalici/Forma



ford, however, is to make movies. Sounds crazy? Well, I'm 27 years old, and in the last seven years I've finished 32 Super-8 films and seven 16 mm films (this is not a Guinness world record). These films, especially the early ones, can be categorized as home movies, portraits, structural films, diaries, "presence" films and epics. Lately I've taken to the full-length (90 minutes), fictional narrative format, and I've written, produced and directed *Unmade Beds* and *The Foreigner* in the last year and a half. These two films were produced for under \$10,000 each.

In 1975, Ivan Kral, guitarist with the Patti Smith Group, and I were filming our favor-

ite groups and bands. We used an old Bolex camera, which we acquired second hand, and a newer slightly dented Beaulieu. Both cameras could be held with one hand or placed on a tripod, so that we could hold a movie light simultaneously. After a couple of months of this, we edited the film and named it after a Richard Hell song, *The Blank Generation*.

To date, *The Blank Generation* has been shown in Japan, England, France and Canada, and it is the only filmed record of the early performances of The Heartbreakers, Ramones, Tuff Darts, Patti Smith, Harry Toledo, Television, Talking Heads, Wayne County and the Back Street Boys.

There are many recipes for making a movie, and though the amounts of each ingredient may vary, this is the basic list of needs for the 90-minute \$10,000 movie. It is up to the filmmaker to add spice and imagination:

- 10,000 ft. of black-and-white 16 mm film (also known as raw stock)
- 1 motion-picture camera
- 1 tape recorder. *Nagra* is preferred
- 2 to 5 movie lights
- 1 cameraperson
- 1 sound technician
- 1 lighting technician
- 1 story
- 2 to 8 actors
- 1 director
- 1 editor

- 1 film laboratory for processing film and making prints
- 1 editing table

After taking great care in preparing the story, either as a script or as storyboard, choose two to eight actors, or as many as are needed in the story. It is important to remember that the simpler the story is, the easier it will be to execute, therefore it is my suggestion to remember Julia Child's great remark: "When it comes to cooking, less is more."

Next, combine the camera with the cameraperson (also known as cinematographer). This person should know how to load the camera and how to read an exposure



Robert Gordon.



from a light meter; if this person can do more, fine. Combine a sound technician with the tape recorder. This person should be able to get a sound reading. The lighting technician should know how to change bulbs. These three people should practice with the equipment at their disposal prior to the first day of actual shooting and should have a good rapport with the director, who must instruct them in executing his or her vision of the script on film.

As for the actors, a director should rehearse them several times with the script right up to the time of actual shooting and right before each shot is begun. It's important to remember that in directing a film, 75 percent of the film is

created in the casting of characters. The closer the player is to the role, the more honest the portrayal; the vanity of the screenwriter excluded, no character exists on paper, however believably it might read. The character is in the player alone... and in the overall dream of the project.

All your film should be kept at room temperature; make sure raw stock is never too hot or too cold. Both these conditions will prevent the film from exposing properly. Before you begin shooting, open a deferred-payment account in a film lab by depositing \$2,000 with the credit manager of the lab. You are now ready to begin filming.

(continued next page)



Steve Cooper

Except for lights and accessories, the equipment and prices listed below reflect the basic hardware and per diem cost for making a professional-quality, 16-millimeter sound movie. These prices are taken as an average from several New York rental houses. As in any rental situation, prices decline as equipment is used for longer periods of time. For example, a 6-plate Steenbeck that rents for \$30 per diem will rent for \$400 per month—the time it takes to edit a feature-length motion picture.

Most importantly, it is imperative to get equipment for free, and the less spent on rentals the closer to budget a filmmaker gets. Equipment should only be rented in emergencies. Free equipment can usually be obtained from universities and colleges with filmmaking courses or from media equipment resource centers. The equipment for my films was obtained from the Media Equipment Resources Center at 4 Rivington Street in New York. For a nominal deposit almost anyone can get free equipment and create his or her movie for under \$10,000.

16 Millimeter Sync Sound System

Camera:

1. Arriflex BL with crystal control, Zeiss 10-100-millimeter lens, 2 magazines, 2 power packs, changing bag, sync cables, slate, body brace and Spectra light meter

EQUIPMENT FOR THE \$10,000 MOVIE:

2. Auricon 72-A, either Frezolini adapted or cable sync, Angenieux 12-120 lens, 2 400-foot magazines and light meter (optional; backup)

Audio:

1. Nagra 4.2 tape recorder, ATN, Beyer headset (\$60)
2. Shure M-67 mixer: 1 line input, 3 microphone inputs (\$15)
3. Sennheiser 805 shotgun condenser microphone (\$17)
4. Sony ECM 50 lavalier condenser microphone (\$10)
5. Sony ECM 16 lavalier condenser microphone (\$10)
6. Sennheiser 415 hypercardioid condenser microphone; optional (\$15)
7. Floor stand, table stand, fishpole boom with cue head (\$10)

Lights:

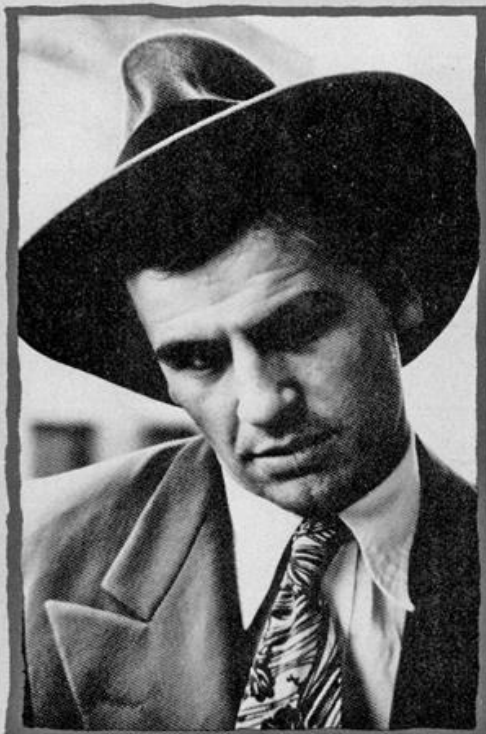
1. Lowel 1,000-watt Soft light (\$12)
2. 2 250-watt Shuguns with two rechargers (\$15)
3. 2 650-watt or 1,000-watt Colortrans with barn-doors (\$20)
4. Lowel 1,000-watt Quartz D with snoot or scrim; optional (\$15)

Accessories:

1. Tripod with fluid head and NCE wheels (\$15)
2. Hi Hat and Baby Legs (\$8)

Editing:

1. Steenbeck or Moviola 6-plate table (\$30)
2. Guillotine or Reeves splicer (\$5)



Making a movie for under \$10,000 requires a certain number of abilities that are a combination of ambition, fear, intelligence, style and obsessive perversities that may border on the realm of genius. A person has to wear the hat of a producer, the eye-patch of a director and the thick glasses of a writer. And remember that working within a limited amount of capital requires inventiveness, precise bookkeeping and generous amounts of good luck.

Since film stock prices are controlled by the monopolistic Kodak Corporation, black-and-white film is *de rigueur*. A 90-minute film is approximately 3,600 feet

long, which means that the shooting ratio (i.e., film shot versus movie length) must be no greater than three to one. This is no problem for a tightly scripted and carefully planned production. There are many scenes that can be done on the first take. Others may require three takes. Using a scene containing a montage of stills is also beneficial. The conservation of raw stock and the importance of not overshooting a scene are primary ingredients in keeping a production under budget.

The producer-director must acquire the services of all personnel and the use of all equipment at the lowest possible cost, which means as close to nothing as possi-

ble. Don't rent equipment from camera rental houses; it's best to borrow equipment from friends or from institutions that regularly loan it out. For example, for *Unmade Beds* I was able to borrow all my equipment from the Young Filmmakers Foundation, which is a New York-based equipment resources center. The cameraperson and sound technician both had cars that we used for transportation. I only paid for gas and oil.

Another rule to follow is to never pay for locations. Use existing locales, friends' apartments, local stores, a relative's factory. If possible, get a film permit (contact your local mayor's office or City Hall). This piece of

paper is invaluable in that it notifies police that you are authorized to shoot in the streets and minimizes hassle. In shooting my last film, *The Foreigner*, the police even helped clear the area for the final scene. This was invaluable assistance, especially since gun play was involved and we were shooting in a crowded park.

Then there's the matter of salaries. Actors and crew, no matter how dedicated, must get paid. Pay rates for everyone involved are done by "points." A "point" is a percentage point (.01) of the film's eventual profit. The producer promises to pay each person involved in the production of the film, when and if the film makes money;



this future commitment could mean a great deal of money. For example, if the cameraperson is promised two "points," and the film's profit after one year is \$4,000, he or she would receive a check for \$160. If after five years the film has earned \$40,000, he or she receives \$1,600—all this for two weeks work. A contract for a film is easy to draw up. A lawyer can help but is not necessary.

Bookkeeping is a tedious and time-consuming proposition, but it is also an important factor in both keeping a film within budget and in measuring the eventual profit of your movie. Other than lab costs, the costliest single item in making a film is feeding the cast and crew.

When the film has been developed, edit the work print. Edit the sound and effects. Cut the negative, A&B roll. Have the lab make you an "answer" print; when you're satisfied with the "answer" print, get the lab to make you two or three release prints. You'll now owe them several thousand dollars, but that's okay because you have credit. You've stretched \$2,000 to \$4,000, another example of the magic of cinema.

What follows is a list of the final touches:

1. Use the stills (which you presumably shot while directing) to make a poster for the film. It's a good idea to look at some of your favorite

movie posters for an idea.

2. Write a press release and send it to as many newspapers, magazines and friends as you can find.

3. Promote a "world premiere" for the film at a local theater and begin the process of finding a distributor. A book on *How to Distribute Your Film* by Yourself has just been published by the AIVE, 99 Prince Street, New York, New York. It's a good primer and worth the \$3 cost.

4. Enter the film in a few film festivals.

Film festivals are a good way to plunge into the two most difficult jobs for any filmmaker: trying to distribute the film, and trying to locate and reach the film's

audience. Distributing is a matter of sending out flyers, brochures and writing letters to various film groups who might be interested—a big pain in the ass, considering that many film distributors cheat producers almost as a matter of policy.

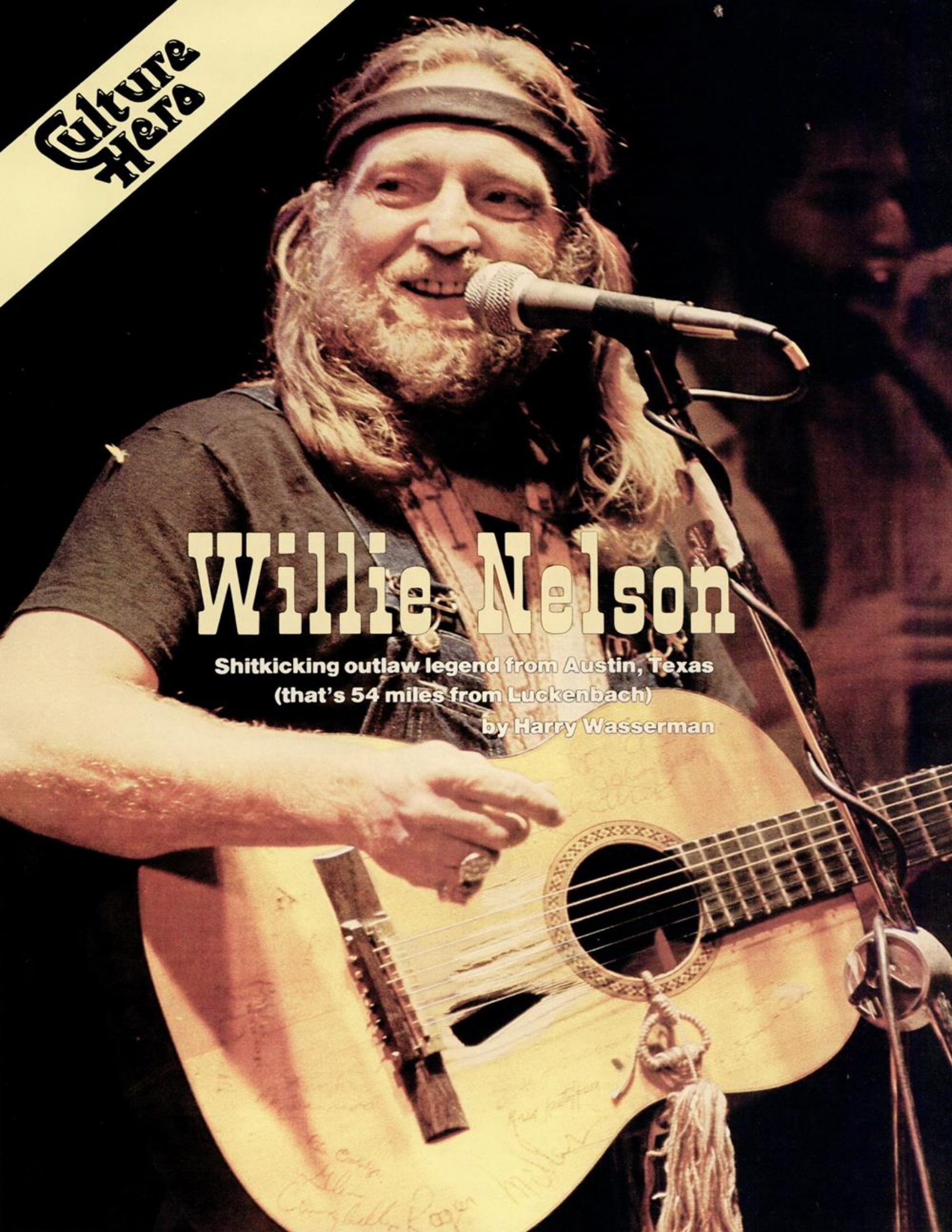
I wanted to send *Unmade Beds* to the 1977 Cannes Film Festival, the biggest and busiest in the world, but it was rejected by the selection committee. However, the film was welcomed at the 1977 Deauville Film Festival, which is more receptive to films made in the USA, and filmmakers looking for the exposure should contact the French Film Office, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022. ■

**Culture
Hero**

Willie Nelson

**Shitkicking outlaw legend from Austin, Texas
(that's 54 miles from Luckenbach)**

by Harry Wasserman



Willie Nelson smokes a lot of dope, drinks a lot and fights a lot when he's drunk. He's 45, and he wears an earring, long gnarled hair, a bramble-bush beard. His anarcho politics are nearer red than redneck, but he has his fingers in most of the Texas music scene. For Willie Nelson, Austin, Texas—home of the armadillo—is a country power base like Plains, Georgia.

"I'm a cosmic cowboy," says Willie. "A cosmic cowboy has a guitar, wears boots, smokes pot and is an outlaw. Being an outlaw is saying what I want to in my music." An Austin friend of Willie's: "Willie's kind of outlaw doesn't ride a motorcycle, he drives a pickup truck with a gun rack." Willie's outlaw myth began years ago when he was a songwriter in Nashville. He led a rat pack known as the Nashville Outlaws, a loose-knit bunch of hard-living barfly singers and songwriters, mostly ex-Texans like Willie, usually including Waylon Jennings, Billy Joe Shaver, Kris Kristofferson and David Allen Coe. All had appetites for getting high as big as Texas itself. Members of Willie's band were recently busted for alleged possession of cocaine, as was Waylon, who was cleared of all charges.

Willie claims he doesn't imbibe as much as during his Nashville Outlaw days. If he was once an alkie, he's now just a casual boozier. Or so Willie says. "I don't guzzle beer all the time—I like two or three beers a night. I used to wake up in the morning, look for a cold beer and only find a hot one. I drank a lot of hot beers."

"I went through the psychedelics. I go crazy on uppers, I go to sleep on downers. I can't drink whiskey 'cuz I can't remember what I did the night before when I wake up the next morning." He sports tennis shoes, a sweatband to keep his wild hair in place, plaid workshirt and jeans, even while performing. Before one recent concert, he was backstage signing autographs when a security guard tried to throw him out, thinking that Willie was a grungy gate-crasher.

Willie was born to two wierdos on April 30, 1933, in Abbott, a small town in north-central Texas. "My mother claims to be from outer space. She sees flying saucers. I got high with her last night—she likes to get high. She used to drink a lot when she was a bartender. My father was a closet dooper for 30 years—why, just the other day my mother found three pounds in his shoes." Luckily he was raised by his grandparents, who had earned mail-order music degrees, and wee Willie used to watch them practice guitar by lantern light. His own musical career began at age ten when he was paid \$10 for playing rhythm guitar with a polka band.

After a short hitch in the air force, Willie settled in Waco, Texas, and supported his new wife and baby daughter Lana by selling vacuum cleaners, encyclopedias and Bibles. His first song was inspired by his Bible-selling days. "Family



**"A Cosmic Cowboy
has a guitar,
wears boots, smokes
pot and is an
outlaw. Being an
outlaw is saying
what I want to
in my music."**

Bible" was written after Willie and family moved to Nashville. He naively sold all the rights for \$50, and "Family Bible" has since become a classic. "It's still making money I don't get," says Willie.

Willie's early Nashville hits included Faron Young's rendition of "Hello Walls," Patsy Cline's version of "Crazy" and Ray Price's versions of "Night Life" and "Funny How Time Slips Away" (which has been recorded more than 80 times since Willie wrote it in 1961). Back then, Willie's music was being published by Price's Pamper Publishing, and when Ray later told Willie he needed a bass player for his band, Willie learned how to play bass overnight.

In Nashville, Willie was a successful songwriter, earning a five-figure income from royalties, and he even started recording his own songs. His recording of "Touch Me" in 1962 made the country top ten. But not until he moved back to Texas in 1972, ten years later, would he have another hit and draw nationwide acclaim.

Willie's Nashville image was clip-on ties and closely cropped hair. Once in Austin, though, his hair and beard grew and his clothes became more casual. He found a new audience for country music among hippie kids. "They didn't have any

place to go to listen to country music. Their hair was too long to get into some of those places without getting into trouble. I knew there was an audience there."

Nowadays Willie practically runs the entire music scene in Austin. His annual Fourth of July picnic—a "Woodstock of country music" held nearby Dripping Springs, close to Austin—draws 80,000-plus. His Whiskey River showroom in Dallas is a progressive-country club premiering such acts as Rusty Weir, the Side of the Road Gang and a burlesque musical comedy, Zorro and the Blue Football.

As an integral cog in the Austin music scene, Willie has made enemies and gotten into a lot of trouble. "I got subpoenaed last night for some shit," said Willie recently. "This guy put his arm around me like we was gonna get our picture taken, but he handed me a subpoena for a show in Prairie Hill, Texas, which never came off and they blame me for."

Outside his Austin duchy Willie has found plenty of fans. He plays the Hollywood Bowl, Las Vegas' Golden Nugget, Max's Kansas City in New York and college campuses across the nation. His recent hits include the albums *Red Headed Stranger* and *Wanted: The Outlaws*, the latter a joint effort with Waylon Jennings, Jessi Colter and Tompall Glaser. His hit single "Good Hearted Woman" was written during a brief pause in a card game. His latest album is a team-up with Booker T. Jones called *Stardust*.

Waylon and Willie was a landmark collaboration including the single "I Can Get Off on You" by Willie, with the lyrics "Take back the weed, take back the cocaine baby / Take back your pills, take back the whiskey too / Don't need 'em now, your love was all I was after / I'll make it now 'cuz I can get off on you."

Waylon and Willie's next collaboration will be scoring and starring in a movie called *The Songwriter* with a screenplay by Bud (Cat Ballou) Shrake. Willie describes the film: "The Songwriter is about the ripoffs in the music business, how record writers are exploited by the music industry. I play a record-company executive who rips off young singers. Mary Kay Place, the 'Forever Fernwood' star I assisted on her album *Aimin' to Please*, plays a young singer/songwriter we sign up, promise her the world, then screw her for the money. Dennis Hopper plays a corrupt manager."

"I've been impressed by the amount of good girl singers dominating the charts—Mary Kay, Crystal Gayle, Linda, Dolly. I'd love to do an album with just me and Waylon and all the girl singers."

But Willie's a loyal family man. "My new wife Connie is from Houston. I met her at a little club in Texas—she was a waitress—she came to see me backstage. I've got three grown children plus Amy Lee, who's four, Paule, and Carlene is eight. None of my kids wake up with a joint in their mouth—but they smoke." ■

Repeal POThibition Turn Yourself in July 3

On July 4th hundreds of heads, each bearing a marijuana seedling, will turn themselves in at the White House.

Last July 4th, a thousand people holding joints tried to turn themselves in, but the police refused to arrest us.

This year, we will force them to arrest us or expose the law as a farce.

Preliminary demonstrations and classes in civil disobedience will be happening July 1 - 3, along with plenty of music. Come early. Stay late. Let's call their bluff on pot. For more information call Smoke-In Central, (212) 533-5027(8).

Sponsored by High Times and Y.I.P.

Defend Your Right to Smoke, Grow and Share Marijuana

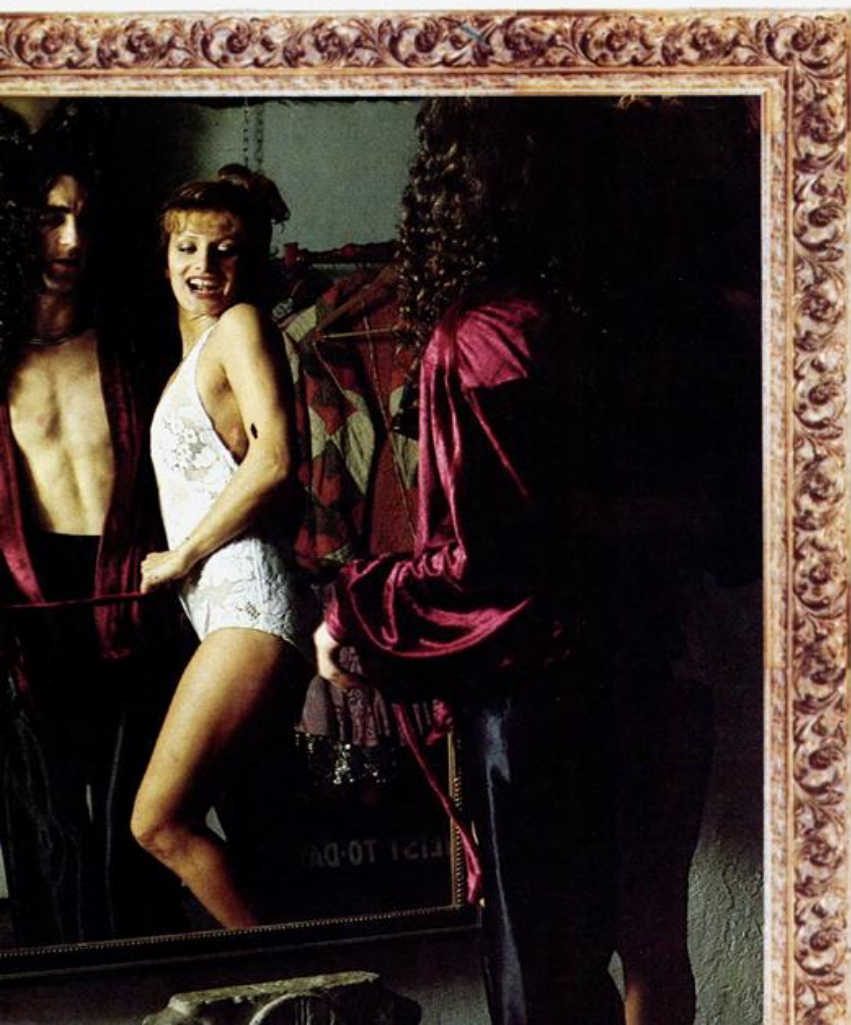
High Style



Alicia Blue / Trademark Services, N.Y.C.

Phantom Forum

The Phantom Forum is the first fashion cafeteria in New York, in America, in the world. A boutique, a bistro, a night club, a cabaret, a hotbed of world-shaking fashion politics, poetry reading, happening-happening and partying of every description, the Forum is haunted by resident phantoms Bruce MacGowan and Louis Andre, underground designers extraordinaire, whose rags, rugs and rigs grace the most stylish and antistylish rock stars, movie extras, actors, models and street freaks in scenic SoHo. According to Louis Andre, the Phantom philosophy was



summed up best by old Noah Webster, who wrote that a phantom is "an apparition; a representation of something abstract, ideal, or incorporeal"—Art, Truth and Fashion, in that order, says Louis.

The Phantom Forum is the magic marketplace of lower Manhattan, located at the veritable crossroads of the world (Broome Street and West Broadway), a cosmic court of couturiers cutting cloaks and suits for courtiers, courtesans, call girls and current couriers of cosmic fashions. What's all this mean for you, the average working fish? Well, for her (opening page) it means life can be beautiful in a backless ombre satin gown with tie shoulders and crisscross straps for \$85; for the lucky man in the matching satin single-breasted jacket, it means \$80 plus sales tax.

Phantom's phantastiques (above left): There's nothing like a discarded department-store mannequin to embody Art, Truth and Beauty in a wrap-around kimono in black silk trimmed with flowered-print silk chiffon, \$60; turquoise full-circle skirt, \$75; and Phantom mink hat, \$75. He's a dapper democrat in a Tom Jefferson white silk shirt, \$80, and a reversible black and embroidered Oriental silk single-breasted jacket, \$175. What we said about the mannequin goes double for the little lady in the same darn kimono over a seven-panel flared skirt in flowered-print silk chiffon, \$125.



Left: Louis Andre.



Right: Bruce MacGowan.

Above center: She's got her front to the wall in a gold and crimson patchwork velvet kimono and matching crimson red skirt, entire outfit \$175; he's a he despite the coiffure in an Errol Flynn white silk shirt, \$80, and black satin wraparound pants, \$40.

Above right: She can tell a yodel from a strudel in her tie-dye velvet blue and purple kimono trimmed with ombre satin with pants to match, \$75 upper, \$75 lower; white rabbit fur hat, \$65. He's practically going pink with his burgundy velvet western-cut shirt with patchwork yoke, trimmed in gold, \$80.

Bottom left: She says it all, thank God, in her white cotton flowered lace maillot with tie neck, \$40. He looks like a mensch in a Renaissance burgundy velvet shirt with open front and tie self-belt, \$75.

Bottom right: She's working on her motivation in a scarlet silk chiffon transparent dress with double cape collar, \$80; he's moving to Burbank soon in his wine velvet single-breasted suit trimmed in gold, \$200. All fashions designed by Louis Andre and Bruce MacGowan and available from Phantom Forum, 495 Broome Street, New York, New York 10013. ■



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Renaldo and Clara

(continued from page 44)

ing Sara constantly pregnant, Dylan didn't have to have intercourse with her that often... of course, all this is hypothesis; the only reason I bring it up is because it was there in the film.

The next scene to stick in my mind deals with Hurricane Carter, who may very well have been guilty as hell. Carter always struck me as overly aggressive, possibly suffering from a surplus of male chromosomes. When it came to light that Hurricane hired two witnesses to alibi him for the triple murder, his credibility dropped to zero in my mind. This is simply not the action of an innocent man. Carter's riff, "Hey, there are all kinds of people supporting me, white, black, blue, green," sounds like jive glibness. I think that Dylan and Muhammad Ali (who once shook my hand and told me to go on fighting after we were on a TV show together), along with many liberals and even the Communist Party, may have been conned by Hurricane. As far as I'm concerned Dylan might just as well write a song about Ron Lyle, who recently shot his old lady in cold blood, apparently. This is not to say Dylan's heart wasn't in the right place. Just his head. Perhaps he just digs people named Carter—like Jimmy Carter and June Carter (Johnny Cash's wife).

Everyone was thankful for the intermission. I told the people I was with, it had been worse than I expected—something was happening here and I didn't know what it was—what did these seemingly disconnected episodes mean, and why didn't Dylan ever sing a song in its entirety? How did he know I was sitting in the theater with a tape recorder in my lap?

The second part of the film was much better. The initial segment had set the stage by introducing the various characters that Dylan would elaborate on and make real. It contains some incredible footage of the real Dylan, a con man of the highest order. Anyone who wondered why Sara and Bob broke up gets a good explanation in *Renaldo and Clara*. Dylan could simply no longer reject the droves of young girls who are constantly throwing themselves at him. Even I, a mere Dylanologist, still receive envelopes full of pussy hairs from France, marriage proposals and notification of inane cryptic classified ads.

The best scene in the movie occurs when Joanie Baez (who plays Sara) follows Bob to a rendezvous with his paramour (played by Sara Dylan). There it is in living color, yet Dylan denies it's happening. Joan offers him the pleasures of home life, Sara offers romance and adventure. Dylan's choice is to choose neither—instead he chose horse. We find this out in two scenes whose sequence is

reversed: first we see a Latino making out with Baez in a cabin, and another man exclaims, "He traded her for a horse." Then, several scenes later Bob and Joan are in a bar wondering what would have happened had they gotten married. They then walk past a stable and Bob makes the trade—Joan for a horse.

In *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid*, a similar "horse-heroin" metaphor occurs when Billy shoots the deputy who was trying to shove religion down his throat—religion symbolizes politics in Dylan's poetry. Anyway, Billy manages to get the poor man's shotgun away and shoots him with the coins he had loaded it up with for Billy. Then he remarks, "Keep the change," turns to a stable owner and says, "Bring me the best horse in the house."

Roger "Byrds" McGuinn also does a song about horses—"Gonna ride that horse over the hill and be higher than I ever was"—and there are several scenes with carriage rides and the like.

Perhaps the reason Dylan made this trade was partially a result of his viewing the women around him as jaded hookers fawning over some new young piece of meat—the brothel scenes in this movie. I tend to link the trade with Dylan's ex-manager, Albert Grossman, whose relationship with heroin-addicted rock star Janis Joplin came to light during court proceedings.

Of course, tales abound of how Billie Holiday's manager helped addict her to junk in order to destroy her natural resistance to exploitation.

All of this leads to a graveyard, with Allen Ginsberg, to Jack Kerouac's grave, then to Dylan playing at a Rolling Thunder concert—underexposed at first so you think that Dylan is playing in the middle of a graveyard....

Bob sings "It Ain't Me Babe" in a style reminiscent of street singer David Peel, and once again we are treated to close-ups of Dylan's teeth. These blow-ups are credited to an "Oswaldo Zapruder"—or some such name—a name I find suspicious indeed.

Then, Jack Elliott tries to convince Bob to "go to see the gypsy" but ends up being dragged along to a "sporting house" instead. Jack sings a couple of songs but is edited just when he's about to do "Pretty Boy Floyd." Phil Ochs is there too, but Dylan cuts the film just as Phil is about to begin singing.

Before Ochs died, he and a friend of Dylan's, MacDougal Mike, made a videotape with me. Ochs told me he intended to show it to Dylan, so Bob could get some idea what my book *Coup d'etat* was about. It's about the military fascist takeover of America that happened when they killed Kennedy in 1963.

The only reaction I got out of Bob was a lawsuit—he figured I might be coming into some bucks from my new book. To settle one suit I had to agree never to sell, make or cause to be made any Dylan tapes—

Columbia Records had made numerous "buys" from me of rare Dylan tapes, and they had me cold. But a few weeks ago Dylan sued me again. This time it was for something I didn't do, honest, Bob, to make a Folkways record out of a very lengthy phone argument between me and Bob, a unique Dylan artifact. Seven years ago I had given a copy of the phone-conversation tape to Gordon Friesen of Broadside magazine. Incidentally, this publication helped give Dylan his start. Friesen, penniless, apparently sold it to Folkways without telling me or arranging for me to receive a percentage of the profit. Dylan is charging me with putting Folkways up to this activity. He has entered all my old East Village Other articles as evidence: I am being charged with criminal offenses—harassment and (believe it or not) violations of the Safe Streets Act.

According to Dylan, I have been harassing him for 17 years (since 1961). What nonsense. I am a radical rock critic. I can produce hundreds of pages of FBI files that show that my actions and writings are part of my political work as a radical organizer. Dylan wants to penalize me for my political beliefs—by suing me. In the same way that the Israeli government penalizes West Bank Arabs for their beliefs—blow up their homes. Dylan wants the courts to order me to pay him \$6.5 million even though I live on food stamps on the Bowery in poverty as it is.

All this just causes more bad blood—I blame it more on Folkways than Dylan, and I may sue them myself.

From Dylan and A.J. we go back to Renaldo and Clara, then to Larry and Bobby. Larry is Lawrence "Ratso" Sloman, who was a leading member of the Dylan Liberation Front, an organization I started back in the Sixties to liberate Dylan from his apolitical stance and from people like Grossman. Ratso was eventually expelled for consorting with Dylan! Actually, he defected. The symbolic significance of the scenes in which Ratso appears escapes me, possibly because he's becoming a Dylan symbol more than I can accept. Dylan's fur hat used to be Ratso's, you dig?

Dylan has said that "truth is a collage." Renaldo and Clara certainly qualifies as such, and this is what turned many critics off. There is truth here and a degree of universality, since what happened to Dylan can happen to anyone who is rewarded by the system for attacking it.

Dylan drifted into indifference during a period when resistance was called for. Dylan, a trend setter, did more damage than he realized by being apolitical.

If you don't like this collage or don't understand it, just listen to the great music. The mix is excellent and reproduction near perfect. This is it. The most significant thing Bobby does—entertains the hell out of his audience. The other masks are not transparent....

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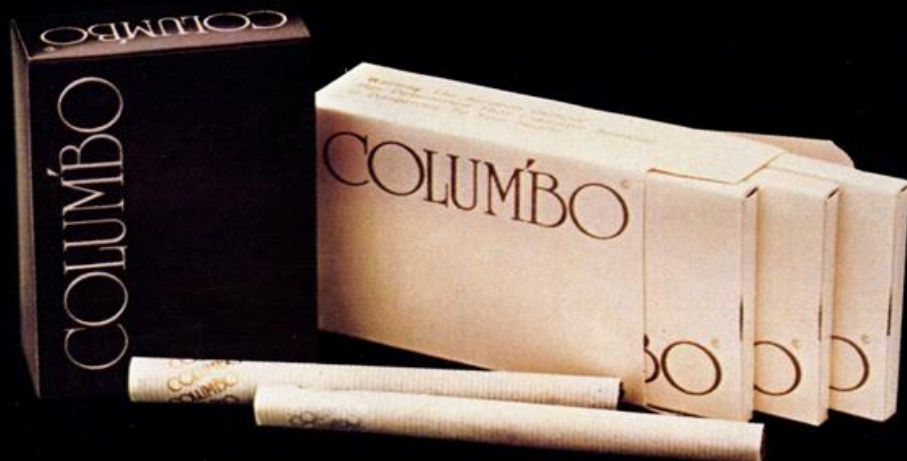
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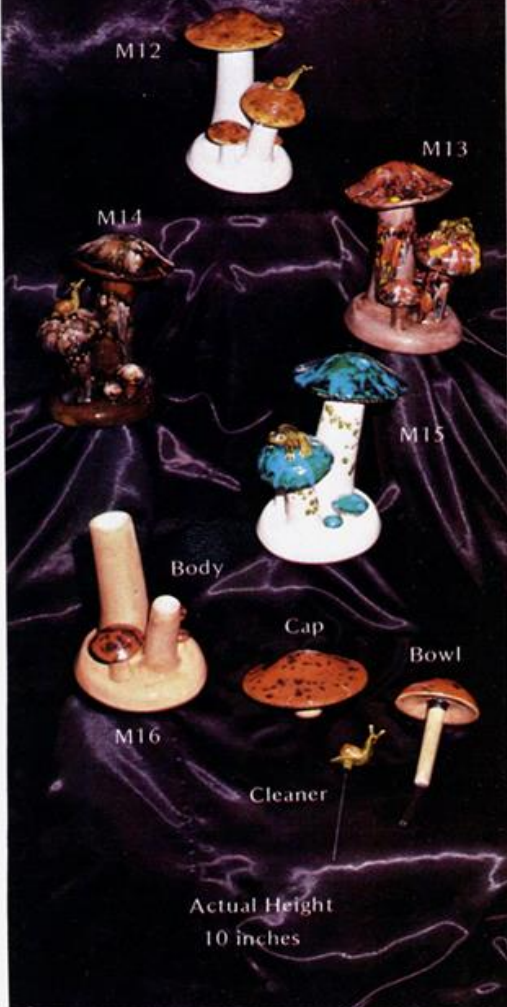
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The Smugglers

(continued from page 42)

parently, 100,000 successful smuggling runs, West looks like a stoned John Wayne: a stolid professional who has nowhere to go but up; a veritable Buford Pusser of pot.

Luckily, West was also able to hire the film and stunt crews of the \$140-million-grossing Jackie Gleason-Burt Reynolds-Kris Kristofferson southern comedy *Smokey and the Bandit*. For Big Jim wanted only the best for his own pot epic. Due to Big Jim's insistence on total verismo (realism), involving literally dozens of car chases and crashes at upwards of 100 miles per hour without the use of any phony Hollywood stunt gimmicks, labor troubles ensued. One stunt man walked off the set, saying, "I'm paid to do stunts, not to die." In one scene where a Mack truck is driven through an entire house at 100 miles per hour, the cameraman stopped filming halfway through the scene and threw up in a violent manner.

However, Jim persisted, and the result is a melange of comedic violence that is more gripping than *The Exorcist*, more riveting than *Dirty Harry*. In another scene, where a police car driven by a local officer (played, like all the other characters in the film, by himself) drives under a truck, the top of the car peels off as the car roars through at 90 miles per hour and the officer is apparently decapitated (fortunately, the officer survived and became a local hero whose finest moment has now been preserved on film for posterity).

In yet another scene, which led to the resignation of several more stunt and camera persons, two escaping convicts cling to the rails of Big Jim's helicopter—a feat that cost Big Jim his chopper pilot's license since the FAA was not amused by this blatant violation of air safety regulations. Fortunately, he did not lose his license for flying multi-engine cargo craft during the three daredevil landings of the DC-6, but only because Big Jim didn't have a license for multiple-engine craft to begin with.

Dogged with danger at every turning point, Big Jim pressed on. As the wrecked cars piled up, cameramen and stunt men dribbled away. The bank, despite the nicest things Bert Lance could say about ol' Jim, foreclosed on his lordly home and farm near scenic Jonesboro. Insurance companies avoided his business like some kind of purple sex pox, and, need we add, when completed the film was turned down by every major Hollywood film distributor on the grounds that the pot epic was "too controversial."

"Now that is a hell of a reason for turning down this film," said Big Jim. "If they'd said it'd been too violent, well, all right: it is somewhat more vivid than 50 episodes of 'Baretta,' the last act of Mac-

beth and the First Battle of the Marne all rolled into one. What's the matter, can't they take a joke? But hell, that ain't it at all. They wouldn't touch this movie with a ten-foot pole because it's about dope smugglers and it's about dope smugglers winning."

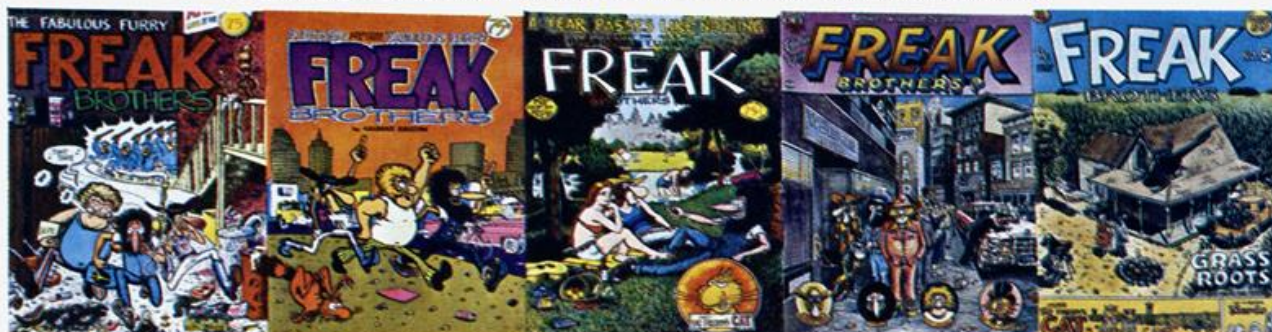
Indeed, *The Smugglers* is about three smuggling runs (plus one suspiciously detailed armored-car robbery), all based on actual events in the annals of the Georgia marijuana importing industry. And it is true that more property damage occurs in its 88 minutes of running time than occurred when Sherman marched through Georgia. However, what it seems to be about, for the most part, is how the best laid scams of the best paid smugglers are often thwarted thanks to the watchful ministrations of our duly constituted constables of the law, aided by large buildings and mysteriously fallen trees arising in the paths of desperate marijuana importers making their "getaways." It is only in the film's third, most elaborate, most violent and funniest smuggling adventure that the run meets with success, the battle-scarred DC-6 takes off for the last time and soars into a glorious sunset, boy gets girl and they all live happily ever after.

(The success of the third and final run has given rise to a rumor that the alert constables, grown consummately bored watching hippies off-load hundreds of bales of prop marijuana during the filming of the first two action-packed episodes, paid scant attention the third time around, which enabled Big Jim and his friends to cut their costs somewhat by bringing in an actual 3,000-pound load of pot right under the officers' noses while the cameras caught it all. Of course, this is clearly untrue, and Big Jim scoffs at the rumor. "I scoff at the rumor," Big Jim scoffed.)

Thanks to the alert action of some open-minded film distributors, *The Smugglers* will be taking off soon at a theater near you (word is that the film will be delayed until it is rescored by a top rock band). Yes, you'll thrill as Big Jim, aided by his drivers "Douche" (Bob Watson) and "Oosh" (Don Watson) and a host of southern gentlemen, belles and assorted cops and crackers, drags three plane-loads of pot on and off the most devastated mountain since *The Guns of Navarone*. You'll be on the edge of your seat with tension as the Polk County pot plane makes its daredevil landings; you'll fall on your butt laughing as Big Jim, Douche and Oosh crack one-liners and utter authentic Dixie expressions like "son of a bitch" and "goddamn." *The Smugglers* will bend your mind and possibly change your life. And, above all, *The Smugglers* stands as cinematic testimony to the last great breed of bold Americans, the true heirs of the revolutionaries, the frontiersmen, the cowboys, the rumrunners, the Marines and the astronauts: dope smugglers, the last American heroes. ■

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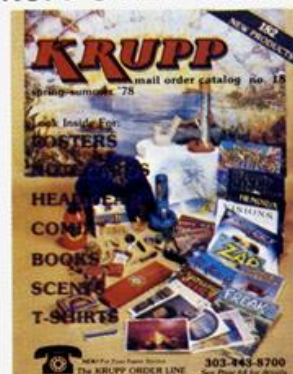
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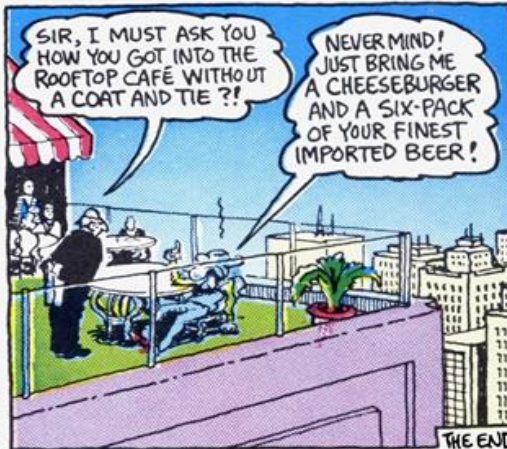
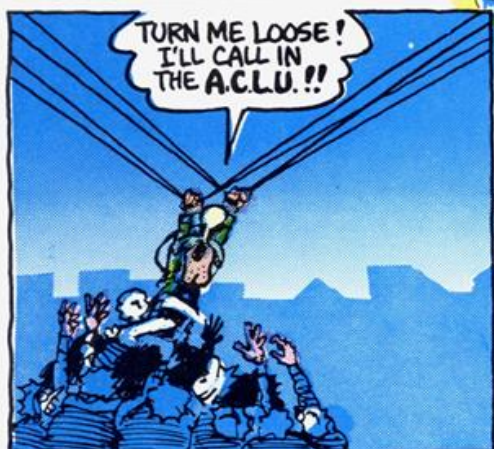
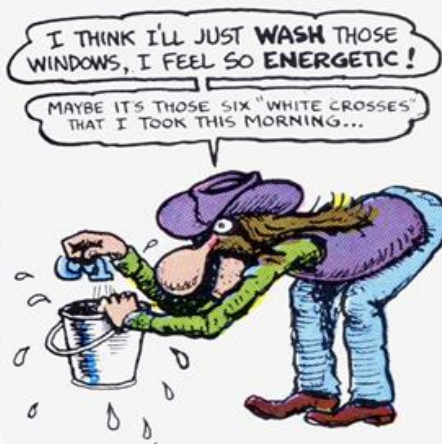
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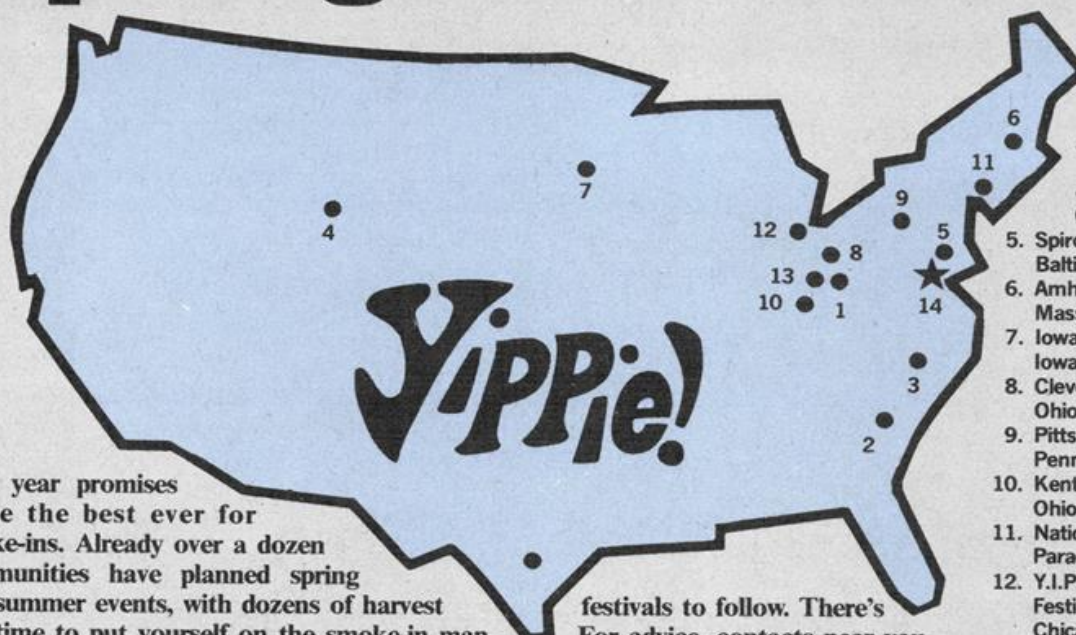
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3. Charlotte Freedom Day Smoke-In, North Carolina, April 15
4. Western Slope Free Festival, Grand Junction, Colorado, April 15
5. Spiro Agnew Memorial Smoke-In, Baltimore, Maryland, April 16
6. Amherst Seedling Day Smoke-In, Massachusetts, April 22
7. Iowa City Tokedown, Iowa, April 29
8. Cleveland Smoke-In, Ohio, April 30
9. Pittsburgh Smoke-In, Pennsylvania, April 30
10. Kent State Memorial Smoke-In, Ohio, May 3-4
11. National Marijuana Day Smoke-In and Parade, New York City, New York, May 6
12. Y.I.P. Tenth Anniversary of Festival of Life at Grant Park, Chicago, Illinois, May 13
13. Mother's Day Smoke-In, Dayton, Ohio, May 14
14. July 4th National Smoke-In, Washington, D.C.

by Mike Luckman

UFO buffs, fliers and thrill-seeking contrabandistas are soon going to be able to flit around the skies in flying saucers. Plans for the saucer have been on the drawing boards for some time and production is expected to begin this year.

Utilizing the principles of the hovercraft and gyroscopic anti-gravity effects, the disc-shaped aerial vehicles are already being advertised: saucer for sale, two-passenger model—\$687,000. Deluxe six-passenger model—\$1,125,000.

The private UFOs are being offered for sale by Sakowitz, a Houston department store. Sakowitz has been deluged with inquiries following Johnny Carson's casual mention of fly-it-yourself UFOs on the "Tonight Show."

UFOs FOR SALE



The Discojet saucers, made mostly of fiberglass, look like escapees from *Star Wars* and are guaranteed by Sakowitz to cause UFO reports wherever they hover. Still in the experimental stage, pending Federal Aviation Authority certification, the saucers have already raised eyebrows in the DEA and other law-enforcement agencies.

The smaller model cruises along at 292 miles per hour, hovers at 7,500 feet and can climb to 36,000 feet. It covers 12.7 miles per gallon and carries a maximum payload of 425 pounds. Fuel economy is comparable to a small, winged craft.

The six-passenger model can lift 1,200 pounds to a maximum altitude of 36,000 feet and consumes

6.2 miles per gallon. Both UFOs combine the most attractive features of the helicopter and the light airplane and have vertical take-off and landing facilities. Overall operating costs of the Discojet is 75 percent less than the cost of operating a conventional helicopter, due to the UFO's streamlined mechanics and low maintenance costs.

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Feds Claim:

90-Ton Bust Biggest Ever

Two ships caught napping by the Coast Guard cutter *Dauntless* have been towed to port with more than 90 tons of pot in their holds. Feds say it is the biggest pot bust of all time. The coastal freighter *Miss Connie*, flying a Netherlands flag, and the fishing boat *Ecopesca IV* were discovered at anchor near Orange Cay in the Bahamas and later ordered seized by suspicious D-men.

"If estimates prove correct, the 60 to 70 tons on board the *Miss Connie* would be the largest amount ever brought into a United States port," a Coast Guard spokesman said. "The second vessel, the *Ecopesca IV*, is estimated to be carrying 15 to 20 tons of marijuana," he added. The two seizures raised the 1977 pot-bust total for the Florida-Caribbean-Bahamas beat to over 500 tons for the year.

• Two Florida men have been busted in Colombia after more than 3,000 pounds of pot and 50 pounds of coke were found in the crippled plane they crash-landed. The plane was captured after being forced to make an emergency landing at an airport along the Guajira Peninsula. Located in the northeastern corner of Colombia near the Venezuelan border, the Guajira peninsula has a reputation in Colombia as a haven for smugglers and the site of many secret airports.

At press time it was unclear whether the two men were still in custody or not, the D-men claiming the pair are still in the hole, while the American consulate in



A record 90 tons of weed was seized on the *Miss Connie* and *Ecopesca IV* [left]; the *Isla de Aruba* [above right] was nabbed with 25 tons.

Barranquilla claims the two have been freed.

• Three Georgia men have been collared for their alleged part in a

pot drop. More than 3,000 pounds of reefer tumbled from the skies one soggy morning into the waiting hands of the fuzz. The trio was

arrested a few hours later when their battered plane spun to a stop after a crash landing in Columbus, some distance away. The Lockheed Learstar had been punctured by tree limbs, many of which were still imbedded in the wings, underside and engine cowlings.

"And it was slap out of gas, too," Columbus detective R.T. Boren added. The detective said the plane "hit a bunch of trees coming out of the forest. The underside was split open, the lights were out, the landing gear was bad, the hydraulic gear was out, but he got it down." Boren said the plane was further identified as the one that dropped the pot because the tree limbs snagged by the plane during its takeoff were identified by tree experts as coming from a variety of pine trees unique to the Ocala forest where the drop was made.

• Cops in Crystal River, Florida, near Naples, were staring at handfuls of dust and grinding their teeth after smugglers torched their boat and most of their load before giving in to the Man. The Coast Guard reported seeing the wreck's debris that closely resembled the evil weed and alerted the Marine Patrol. Eight men fishing in three boats nearby were promptly arrested and charged with having something to do with the marijuana ashes.

Hit Parade

These confiscations reflect late-winter, early-spring activity in and around our nation's bustling ports.

- 70,000 lbs: Cape Fear, Va., 130-foot freighter *Sea Crust*, 17 arrests.
- 50,000 lbs: Bahamas, 100-foot freighter *Isla de Aruba*, 11 arrests.
- 35,000 lbs: Wilmington, N.C., shrimp trawler *Osprey*, one arrest.
- 30,000 lbs: Coral Gables, Fla., 66-foot yacht *Skytop 2*, 12 arrests.
- 20,000 lbs: Dunnellon, Fla.,

beneath farm buildings, 8 arrests.

- 6,000 lbs: Flagler County, Fla., 1973 pickup camper, no arrests.
- 5,000 lbs: Key West, Fla., cargo truck, five arrests.
- 5,000 lbs: Miami, Fla., 35-foot Chris Craft *Gad-A-Bout*, 2 arrests.
- 5,000 lbs: San Francisco, Ca., fishing boat, 3 arrests.
- 1,500 lbs pot, 74 lbs hash: Okeechobee, Fla., Beechcraft D-18, 2 arrests.
- 800 lbs hashish: Dulles International Airport, Wash., D.C., 11 arrests.



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Flake Fiends Fight On

Los Angeles fuzz ended up a good year with a 25-pound flake seizure from a mule stepping off the Miami-L.A. run. The cocaine was found in a suitcase allegedly owned by a 21-year-old Bostonian taken into custody at International Airport. By the way, that additional 25 pounds didn't take L.A. out of the cocaine-league cellar, where the cops finished the '77 season with a mere 152.1 pounds of seized blow, as against the Big Apple's 196.8 pounds and Miami's 509.2 pounds. That's out of a total of 975 pounds popped in the whole country.

● A truckload of chickens en route to Ecuador was searched by Peruvian narcs who found that the white mulch on the floor was not chicken shit but coca paste. Some 360 kilos of paste were confiscated. The narcs said it was being run through northern Peru and Ecuador to a Colombian lab.

● Jaime Hernandez, a Colombian Air Force captain, fell out of the frying pan into the fire when he was rescued from a plane crash in the sea off Panama. The Panamanian-registered light plane turned out to be owned by another Colombian, Bernardo Londono, busted last June in connection with a \$35-million load of cocaine.

Captain Hernandez escaped from the sinking plane's fuselage, close to the island of Contadora, but the Panamanian pilot perished. The plane's take-off from the island, believed to be a coke-staging post, is considered suspicious, as night had already fallen and the airport had no lights. Panama's National Investi-



San Francisco rolling papers felt a one-ton loss after D-men popped this sailboat with its illegal ballast. Two arrests.

gations Department is holding the high flyer until he can come up with some explanations—or some cash: plane owner Londono earlier released himself from detention by means of a large amount of green.

● Canadian Customs checks also went gung ho as the year ended, netting 25 pounds in two seizures in one weekend at Mississauga International Airport. Found were 9.5 pounds in two canisters on a man coming from Bolivia and the rest in plastic bags with false tops and bottoms carried by two women arriving from Bogota.

● A cigarette powerboat speeding through the Intracoastal Waterway in Pompano Beach harbor attracted the attention of a harbor patrol officer who turned up 14 pounds of fly during a search. Three men stand accused of smuggling the contraband after they violated wake restrictions and brought the heat on their

case. When the heaved-to suspects could not produce papers for the boat, a "safety check" uncovered the stowaway cocaine in a duffel bag.

● Starlet Linda Blair was arraigned in Wilton, Connecticut, after D-men busted her as part of a sweep ranging from Miami to New York and L.A. The DEA claims she set up a coke deal at the Lynyrd Skynyrd funeral. The *Exorcist* star followed the lines of Mackenzie Phillips, star of "One Day at a Time," who two weeks earlier fell into the clutches of Hollywood police who say she was laying in the gutter "semistuporous and incoherent." The toot was allegedly in her purse. Ms. Phillips says bullshit, she merely stumbled on a curb, and the cocaine was for her diet. Meanwhile, three members of Willie Nelson's entourage got cracked for blow in New Orleans.

● A Denver skin-diver is in trouble

after New Orleans Customs found 17 pounds of blow in his scuba tanks. The 47-year-old diver was returning from a Mexican tour with a dozen diving tanks when arrested. Fuzz say two of the 12 tanks emitted a "thud," rather than a hollow sound, resulting in the shakedown.

● Four Miami-area men have been indicted for having something to do with two mysterious suitcases full of cocaine that fell from the sky into the Everglades, west of Fort Lauderdale. Last spring an uptight pilot changed his flight plans and, in view of a commercial pilot, dropped two red suitcases. A frantic search by both smugglers and the law for the missing cases went on for days. At one point the pilot returned and marked the spot from the air by dropping another suitcase filled with flour. Cops eventually won the race, which led to the indictments.

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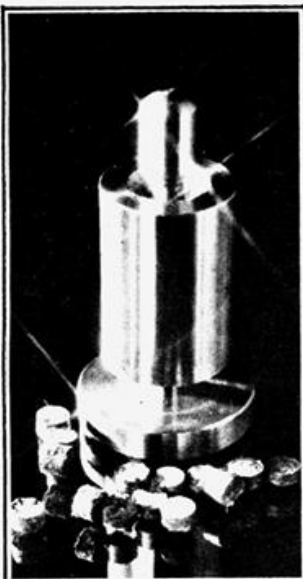
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Shirac hash	stupefying	oz	2-3
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Opium	knockout	oz	5-8
		kilo	50-80
		oz	5-10
		kilo	150-250
		6 pipes	20

BERLIN

Afghani hash	good to excellent	oz	50-75
Lebanese hash	soft red, good	lb	500-725
Moroccan hash	just OK	gm	2-5
Thai sticks	high quality	kilo	1200-1350
LSD	blotter	oz	35-50
Cocaine	decent supply	lb	475-575
		one	15-25
		100	800-1200
		hit	2-50-5
		100	200-400
		gm	65-110
		oz	500-750

CANADA

Domestic	fair to good	oz	15-25
Top-grade Mexican	rare of late	lb	150-200
Commercial Colombian	steady supply	oz	40-50
Connoisseur Colombian	some gold	lb	475-700
Hawaiian	variety, good to excellent	oz	35-50
Thai sticks	potent	lb	400-500
Afghani hash	black slabs, worthwhile	oz	45-65
Kashmiri hash	excellent when found	lb	500-600
Afghani hash oil	fair supply	oz	175-250
Honey oil	amber, tremendous	lb	2000-3100
Magic mushrooms	bountiful	one	20-25
LSD	blotter, microdot	hit	20-25
Cocaine	decent rock	100	150-275
MDA	available in East	gm	75-125
		oz	1450-2000
		gm	40-60

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta gold, red	good selection, quantity	oz	4-10
Punta roja	fine-clipped red	lb	55-75
Commercial	leafy brown	oz	7-10
Colombian hash	improving	lb	50-75
Colombian hash oil	poor to fair	oz	2-4
Mushrooms	OK supply	lb	30-40
Cocaine	excellent flake and rock	oz	25-50
		lb	2000-3000
		oz	150-200
		lb	1750-2300
		oz	3-5
		lb	300-450
		oz	250-450
		lb	4500-6000

COPENHAGEN

Domestic	some good violet	oz	free, 8-10
Thai sticks	costly treats	kilo	150
Moroccan hash	dusty green	one	15-20
Lebanese hash	prices dropping	gm	2.50-3.50
Afghani hash	tasty, fresh shipments expected	kilo	175-250
Paki hash	oily	gm	250-350
Nepalese hash	hand-pressed eggs	kilo	1500-2500
Opium	exclusive item	gm	3-5
LSD	microdots	kilo	250-400
Cocaine	direct from South America	gm	2.50-4
		kilo	200-350
		gm	3.50-5
		kilo	325-400
		gm	12-15
		hit	2.50-4
		100	150
		gm	75-100
		oz	1800-2200

GENEVA

Afghani black	rare slabs	gm	3-4
Brown Lebanese	good head	oz	80-90
Moroccan brown	delicious, reliable	gm	2.50-4
Senegalese	stony, by way of Amsterdam	oz	65-75
LSD	orange, purple, brown microdots	oz	2.2-50
		hit	40-50
		hit	2.50-4

JAPAN

Paki hash	dark, OK head	gm	20-25
Thai	Buddha sticks, supershake	one	20-25
Vapors	industrial tulolene	oz	75-100
Heroin	Burmese and others, top drawer	gallon	10-15
		gm	150-250

LONDON

African grass	plentiful	oz	35
Moroccan hash	small amounts of quality	oz	30-40
Lebanese hash	cloth wrapped, OK	lb	400-600
Afghani hash	thin slabs, good	oz	70-100
Colombian hash	quality up	lb	800-1000
Hash oil	some Afghani	oz	75-150
LSD	big blotter	lb	800-1250
Cocaine	OK to good	oz	50-65
Mandrax	large demand, steady supply	lb	500-800
		gm	25-35
		hit	375-500
		100	1-1.50
		gm	75-150
		oz	2000-2200
		one	1-3
		100	100-200

MEXICO

Torreon violet	breathaking	oz	8-12
Guadalajara	scant supply	lb	85-125
Oaxacan tops	fair to primo	oz	5-10
Guerrero gold	smooth, but seedy	lb	80-130
Pueblo	good	oz	4-6
Magic mushrooms	fresh, excellent	lb	65-90
Cocaine	brown to pure white	oz	3-6
Opium	supply up	lb	50-100
		oz	5-10
		gm	50-125
		oz	30-50
		oz	400-600
		oz	50-75
		lb	400-500

PARIS

Congo grass	short supply	oz	50-80
Thai sticks	excellent if found	lb	500-800
Lebanese hash	fair to good	one	10-25
Moroccan hash	OK blonde	100	750-1200
Nepalese hash	scarce of late	oz	50-60
LSD	some blotter	lb	400-700
Opium	available	oz	25-50
		lb	350-500
		oz	65-100
		one	900-1100
		100	2.50-5
		gm	200-350
		gm	10-15

RIO DE JANEIRO

Amazon grass	excellent, increasing	oz	20-25
Paraguayan grass	sublime	oz	200-300
Cocaine	the toast of the Copacabana	gm	25-35
LSD	dandy windowpane	oz	40-50
Magic mushrooms	4 bites to heaven	hit	650-800
		15 gm	2.50-3.50
		10-15	

SPAIN

Spanish griffa	good grass	oz	15-20
Moroccan hash	fresh commercial chocolate, good	kilo	400-500
Lebanese red hash	sacks, blonde & red, not the best	oz	40-50
Chitral hash	hard to find	kilo	1000-1200
Hash oil	Moroccan dark green, abundant	oz	50-60
LSD	good blotter	kilo	1500-1700
Cocaine	good to excellent	oz	70-80
Quaaludes	different kinds in quantity	kilo	2000-2500
		liter	1200-1500
		hit	3-5
		100	200-300
		gr	80-100
		oz	1000-1500
		100	20-25
		1000	200-2250

USA

Contiguous	green bricks	oz	15-35
Commercial Mexican	tasty colas	lb	125-225
Top-grade Mexican	good brown	oz	35-75
Quality Jamaican	decent	lb	200-500
Commercial Colombian	availability	oz	20-40
Connoisseur Colombian	buds, bright gold	lb	125-300
Seedless California	top stuff	oz	30-45
Sinsemilla Hawaiian	powerful, perfumed	lb	300-500
Hawaiian	sweet and seedless	oz	40-60
Puna buds	aged, pressed kif	lb	375-650
Moroccan hash	dirty blond	oz	50-100
Lebanese hash	slabs	lb	750-1000
Black Afghani hash	pressed balls, OK	oz	100-125
Nepalese hash	just decent	lb	800-1400
Paki hash	lacking	oz	125-175
Thai sticks	potent Afghani	lb	1000-1750
Hash oils	to honey powder	oz	100-175
PCP	blotter, microdot	gm	150-175
LSD	available fresh, frozen	hit	800-1200
Psilocybin mushrooms	rare, many "boots"	100	750-1000
Quaaludes, 714s	various qualities	oz	85-120
Cocaine		lb	1200-1500
		oz	150-225
		lb	1400-1800
		oz	100-150
		lb	1000-1200
		oz	75-100
		lb	800-1200
		one	15-30
		oz	150-175
		gm	25-40
		oz	500-1000
		gm	60-75
		hit	2-3
		100	200-400
		oz	25-45
		lb	150-200
		one	3-5
		100	350-500
		gm	60-120
		oz	1000-2000

Alaska

Domestic	green	oz	30-50
Regular Mexican	sweet, thin supply	lb	300-400
Cocaine	fair to good	oz	30-40
		lb	250-350
		gm	100-120
		oz	1600-2000

Hawaii

Kona gold	piney taste, excellent high	oz	100-125
Maui	delicious	lb	1200-1500
Kaui	stoney	oz	120-150
Puna buds	sweet, red	lb	1400-1600
Oahu shake	nice buzz	oz	125-150
		lb	1000-1250
		oz	30-50

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by Gary Stimeling

Get a Battery!

The electric car's coming of age was heralded by last year's International Electric Vehicle Exposition in Chicago, where dozens of streetworthy models were unveiled, some already in production. Most are aimed at the "second car" market. In the past, the distance (range) possible on one battery charge has always been the EV's major problem. Here's how some proposed and currently available models perform:

The Endura, made by Globe-Union (5757 North Green Bay Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201), shows the features any EV will need to make it in the



The Endura—a hatchback with a charge.

consumer market. A light fiberglass body—hatchback or station wagon—encloses a steel roll-cage, and two-thirds of a ton of batteries give it a respectable turnpike speed of 60 mph, range of 115 miles and acceleration from 0 to 30 in 8.7 seconds.

Small trucks and vans have been the most popular EV designs. Electravan, made by Jet Industries (4201 South Congress Avenue, Austin, Texas 78745), moves two to four people at 55 mph and can even tackle a 10-percent grade at 30 mph, a rarity among EVs today. Fully recharged in 8 hours, its cost economy works out to 2¢ a mile based on national average electrical costs, exactly equal to a 30-miles-per-gallon car on gas at 60¢ a gallon. Its \$7,995 price tag illustrates the problem of making cars cheaply in small quantities. The only major buyers so far have been the Postal Service and Bell Telephone, who have been using over 750 Electrucks by AM General (Box 811, Wayne, Michigan 48184).

Actually, the British have held the lead in electric development since they built a

fleet of 50,000 EV milk trucks in the Twenties and Thirties. Chloride Technical (Wynne Avenue, Swinton, Manchester, England M27 2HB) manufactures the Silent Karrier, with its 4,000-pound pay-



Three million D-cells not included.

load. The company also makes the world's only battery-powered bus, Silent Rider, which performs as well as most diesel types, except it can't make a grade of more than 12 percent.

Chloride has developed a unique charger that can do Silent Rider's elephantine cells in 3½ hours, and it is working on a high-temperature sodium-sulfur battery that will mean a threefold increase in range over the conventional lead-acid variety. The bus also features a new braking system that uses the motor to slow down and feeds current back into the batteries every time the driver brakes. Chloride's American division can be contacted at 5200 West Kennedy Boulevard, Tampa, Florida 33609.

Other EVs include the nifty three-seat Triumph-styled Tropicana from Electrtraction at Maldon, Essex, and the tiny MHO made by Friends of the Sun (210 Main Street, Brattleboro, Vermont 05301). The Friends plan to make their next prototype self-charging by covering it with solar cells. Then there's the Yare, the five-seat electric road boat designed by Dr. H. D. Kesling, T-P Laboratories (Box 73, LaPorte, Indiana 46350). Its wheel



The MHO electric flivver.

arrangement—one up front, two in the middle, one in back—allows uncanny maneuverability and stability. And the whole engine compartment slides out on a sort of tricycle for easy service.

Detroit car makers are faced with a decision: Try to quash and ignore the fledgling industry and hope it doesn't generate a lot of consumer demand on its own, or retool and ride EVs to the bank themselves. Perhaps an answer may be

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found in the results of the recent \$6-million Department of Energy grant awarded to Globe-Union, Chrysler and General Motors to develop a sellable electric prototype with a 55-mph cruising speed, 75-mile range and a \$5,000 price tag in 1975 dollars.

Electric cars are no solution to the energy problem. They use just as much power as the gasoline type, only in a different form. And that energy can come from coal or nuclear plants as easily as from nonpolluting sources. Only when combined with a solar energy economy can electric cars remove the fumes from our lungs, the din from our ears and still get us around without environmental damage. But without development of independent EV companies and a successful antinuke political movement, they will likely be just another way for corporations to feed off the ecology trend.

Unwired for Sound

Amplifier cords have always caused rock guitarists problems. They clutter up the stage, limit mobility and act as antennas to pick up interference and background hum. And if the connections are faulty,



Marconi's wireless was only a beginning.

they can provide a shocking experience.

Many major groups are now solving these problems with the Schaffer-Vega X-10 Diversity System, a wireless amp setup. Wireless mikes, of course, are nothing new. Little ones that transmit over standard FM frequencies can be had for as little as \$30, and some entrepreneurs are cashing in on wireless' rising popularity by ripping off gullible musicians with these little gadgets for up to half of the X-10's price of \$3,300.

"Ouch!" you may well scream. "What makes it worth that big a bundle?" At present, the X-10 is simply the only wireless system suitable for performance or recording. It's the only one with two independent receivers integrated by computer to eliminate the perennial wireless problem of embarrassing onstage fade-outs and pops. Fully half the price goes for the complex circuitry that eliminates interference from cab calls and CB radios. These are the advantages that have sold Stephen Stills, Rick Derringer, Kiss, Frank Zappa, America, Ted Nugent and others. For more information contact: The Ken Schaffer Group, Inc., 10 East 49th Street, New York, New York 10017; phone (212) 371-2335. ☐

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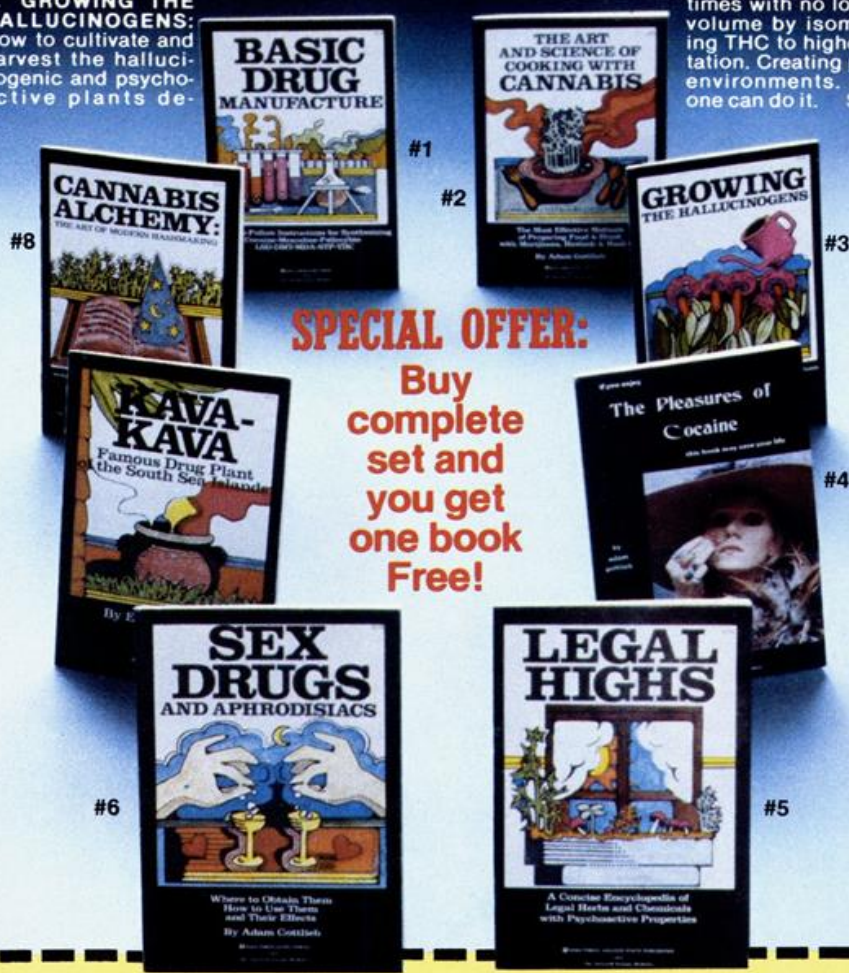
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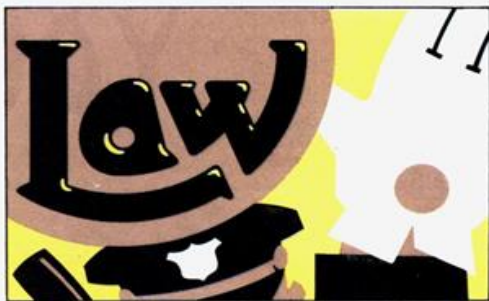
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Other States Reject Alaska Dope Rights

Courts in Arizona and Nebraska have refused to follow Alaska's lead in recognizing that the right of privacy includes the right to smoke marijuana in one's own home. The Nebraska Supreme Court ruled against Robert Kells, who pleaded guilty to possession of less than a pound, rejecting his argument that the 1972 Schaeffer Commission report had recommended more lenient penalties because grass is harmless. The judge concluded that the commission wanted softer penalties because of the costs of enforcement, not because pot is safe.

The Arizona Supreme Court likewise refused to recognize any constitutional right to personal use of pot in the home. In upholding the conviction of David Allen Murphy for 0.3 gram, Judge C. J. Cameron stated that marijuana's public-health effects are still debatable and better left to the legislature to decide.

Voiceprints Fail Court Requirement

Michigan narcotics agents recently lost a case built on voiceprint identification when the state supreme court ruled the technique inadmissible as evidence without independent scientific corroboration. Narcs reportedly set up two heroin buys by phone and recorded the conversations. They then used voiceprint testimony of Dr. Oscar Tosi and Lt. Ernest Nash to identify Bradley Tobey as the telephone voice. But the court threw out the testimony, ruling that the accuracy of such new criminology techniques must be established by "disinterested scientists whose livelihood [is] not intimately connected with" the procedure. California and Pennsylvania courts have set up similar requirements.

Dolphins Freed, Liberator Held

Kenneth LeVasseur was recently convicted of first-degree theft for releasing a pair of bottle-nosed dolphins from testing tanks at Honolulu's Kewalo Basin Marine Research Facility. The jury took less than

an hour to vote guilty after being instructed by the judge that the cetaceans were property and that the defense claims of animal rights were to be ignored. At press time, Le Vasseur is appealing a sentence of six months in jail and five years probation, while coworker Steve Sipman awaits trial on the same charge.

The facility's director, Dr. Louis Herman, says the National Science Foundation has renewed his research grant and two new dolphins are due to be caught and delivered soon. Herman said Kea and Puka, the ones released just as they had



Lawyer John Schweigerts talks with LeVasseur and Sipman where dolphins were released.

mastered two-word noun-verb sentences, probably died in freedom because their species is not native to the Pacific. He also denied LeVasseur's charge that the Kewalo station had failed an inspection by the Marine Mammal Commission.

Washington Voids Copycat Dope Law

The state of Washington can no longer make psychochemicals automatically illegal when they are added to the controlled-substances list by the federal government. The Washington Supreme Court overturned the law that adds new substances to the state's list of banned dope 30 days after new federal controls are published in the Federal Register. The court called this law a violation of due process and an unlawful usurpation of the state's own lawmaking prerogatives. Furthermore, the court added, the law makes it impossible to know what's illegal in Washington without reading the Federal Register, a publication that even many lawyers find hard to get.

Canadian Dossiers Ordered Dumped

Health Department officials have ordered the Canadian Bureau of Dangerous Drugs to get rid of the files it has been keeping on "suspected" users of marijuana. Files on those actually busted for grass and on "known" opiate users will be allowed to remain. The bureau currently lists 163,279 potheads and 15,264 opiate users in files revealed in a recent exposé by the Journal of the Addiction Research Foundation in Toronto. ■

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Eddie Money

On the night of Eddie Money's East Coast debut at New York's Bottom Line, he jumped onstage and sang, "If I were in the army, I'd want to be the general. If I worked on a garbage truck, I'd want to be the driver. But I want a mansion in the hills, wanna burn thousand-dollar bills, I want to be a rock 'n' roll star." As he sings he burns flash-paper funny money and laughs as it goes up in flames. When he later sings "Gamblin' Man," he whips a deck of playing cards into the audience, one by one.

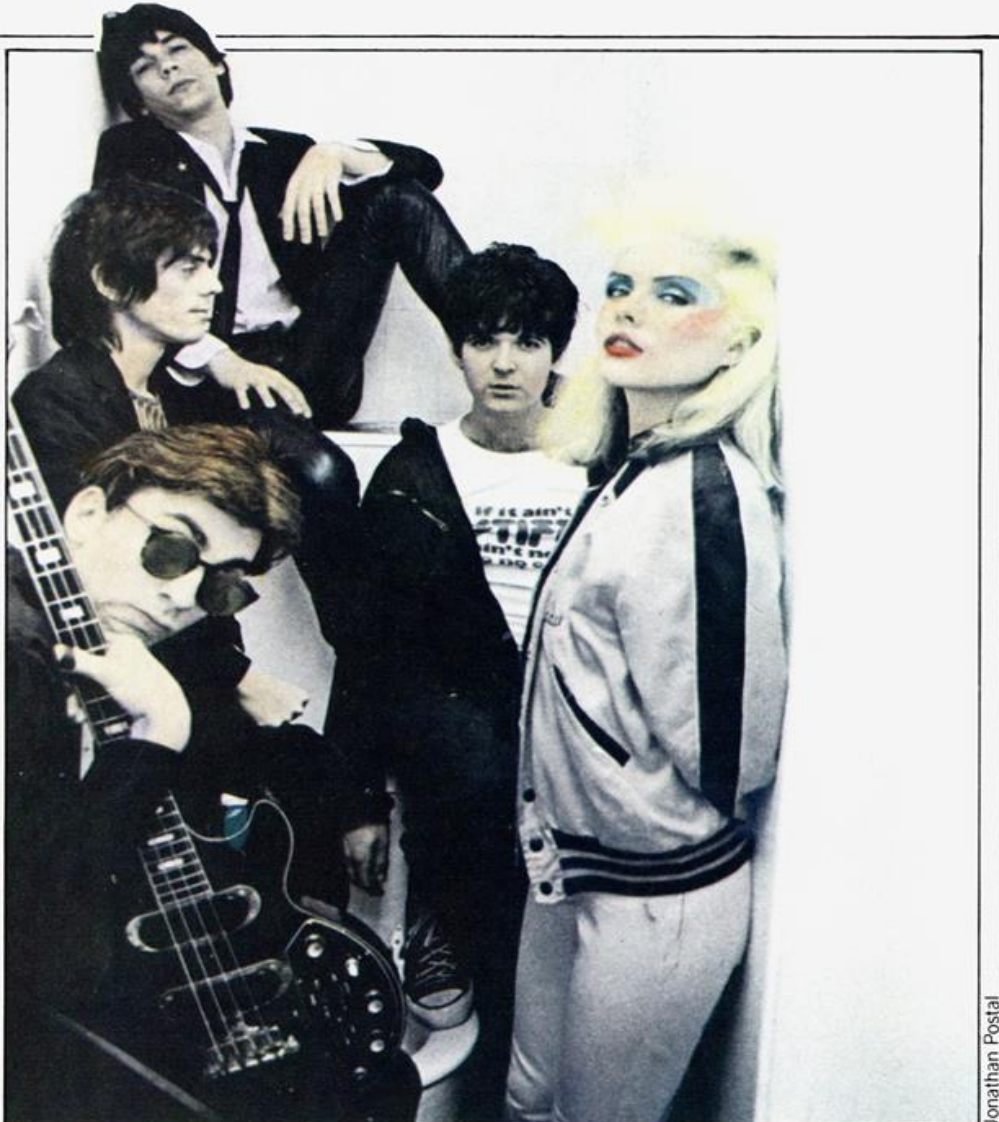
Money's roots are the East Coast rockers of the middle Sixties like the Vanilla Fudge and the Young Rascals. After ten years on the road, Money quite naturally assumes the sort of rocking front-man stance and crooning style that



Charlie Frick

When Money squawks, nobody walks. Eddie had plenty of sax appeal in recent Bottom Line gig.

worked so well for Rod Stewart with the Small Faces. His debut album *Eddie Money* (Columbia PC34909) features Money on sax and piano, Tom Scott on reeds and backup vocals and Jimmy Lyon playing a highly inflammatory lead guitar. With the exception of a heartbreaking version of "You've Really Got a Hold on Me," the material on this record is all new, fresh and upbeat, highlighted by "Baby Hold On" and "Two Tickets to Paradise." Eddie Money's music is hard driving, with lots of accents and rim-shot punches in the rhythm section. —Charlie Frick



Jonathan Postal

Gentlemen prefer Blondie, and Plastic Letters is their best yet.

Blondie's Plastic Letters

Blondie's new scorcher *Plastic Letters* (Chrysalis CHR-1166) is about love, lust, kidnappers, snipers, vipers, vampires, commie spies and victims of the Bermuda Triangle. The album is perfect for psychedelic suburbanites; it's cruisin' music for the 1980s, great listening when you're slinking around in your car smoking pot. *Plastic Letters* is a million times more hard rocking than Blondie's first album.

Debbie Harry's incredibly sexy voice belongs behind hard, driving, animalistic, screeching guitars instead of the first album's cutesy tame bebop. "Detroit 442," with great lyrics like "Maybe, baby, I can drive with you," has fast guitar work by lead Chris Stein, and drummer Clement Burke's throbbing beat will send you through the floorboards.

—Legs McNeil

Tuff Darts

The songs on Tuff Darts' debut album *Tuff Darts* (Sire/Warner's SRK-6048) present a jaded and angry vision of an urban rock 'n' roll band's sex fantasies. Highlights are "Slash," "Who's Been Sleeping Here," "Fun City," "Your Love Is Like a Nuclear Waste" ("they ought to stamp contaminated across your face") and the necrophiliac anthem, "She's Dead" (or how to kill your girl friend on a Friday-night date).

The Tuff Darts are musically traditional: you can actually hear and understand the lyrics, and there is even a refreshingly



Charlie Frick

The tuffest front line in punkdom: (l to r) Bobby Butani, John De Salvo, Jeff Salen and Tommy Frenzy.

radical return to that almost-forgotten custom of respect for meter, pulse and catchy phrasing. Tuff Darts' greasy lead

Stones' Flowers: mellow, romantic and some damned bouncy rock 'n' roll. Still, it's just not the same to hear Pierce Turner and Larry Kirwan without the customary accompaniment of stomping feet, breaking glass, oaths and insults and drunken bodies falling across overlaid cocktail tables. Their music is clean and lucid, and their voices—sweet Irish tenors—have a Vienna Boys Choir innocence that can bring you half to tears. The very arrangement is neat as a pin: Kirwan's voice over one speaker dropping the lyrics of "Distant Ships" carefully into Turner's delicate clavinet sonata on the other speaker.

—Dean Latimer

NEW YORK DOLLS, by the New York Dolls (Phonogram 6641 631, British import). The Rolling Stones were the greatest rock 'n' roll band in the world until 1972



when they were replaced by the New York Dolls, who remained the greatest rock 'n' roll band in the world until they broke up in 1974. The masses didn't understand that these bizarre guys wearing capri pants and lipstick were in fact normal women-chasing, dope-taking mega-urbanites just lookin' for a good time. Now the rest of the world has caught up with what the Dolls were all about. Both original Dolls albums, *New York Dolls* and *Too Much Too Soon*, have been out of print in America for years, but this new British edition contains both discs and is available in better import shops everywhere.

Listening to the albums again it's hard to believe that they weren't smash hits, with great songs like "Personality Crisis," "Trash," "Looking for a Kiss," "Frankenstein," "Babylon" and "Stranded in the Jungle." It's not New Wave minimalism, it's classic, dense, hard rock with superintelligence and all-out energy. Use your head, get smart—it's not too late, check it out.

—Glenn O'Brien

THE QUINTET, by V.S.O.P. (Columbia C2 34976). Before

THE QUINTET

Herbie Hancock, Tony Williams, Wayne Shorter and Ron Carter came together as one of the greatest jazz bands of all time under Miles Davis, they all played for the famed Blue

Note label, along with a young trumpeter named Freddie Hubbard. Now with Hubbard taking Miles's seat on V.S.O.P. (Very Special One-time Performance), the band sounds more reminiscent of the hard-edged, hard-swinging, post-bop Blue Note sound than of the streamlined Davis mix.

Most pleasing of all is that the five stars play better in this acoustic jazz context than they have with their current electric

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aggregations. To top it off, the double-album live format gives you over an hour of classic modern jazz (more than the band usually plays in concert), which, even though it crosses so many time warps, holds together rather well.

—Peter Occhiogrosso

AND ON THE SEVENTH DAY PETALS FELL IN PETALUMA, by the **Gate 5 Ensemble**, composed and conducted by **Harry Partch (CRI 213, Composers Recordings, Inc., 170 West 74th Street, New York, N.Y. 10023)**. Composer/instrument-maker Harry



Partch takes the prize for odd instrument designs with his gourd trees, mazda marimba, harmonic cans, chromelodeon, bloboy,

cloud chamber bowls, spoils of war, drone devil and dozens more. But his music is more than fanciful names. Within an enforced breakdown of traditional harmony and melody, rhythmic drive becomes ever more important for coherence and forward motion. Talking drums, quarter tones and slides make the sound superficially very "Asian" or "African," but it's really an individual fusion of Western and Eastern structures, along with various folk traditions: one man's musical thoughts distilled on instruments made especially for the purpose.

—Gary Stimeling

DANCING IN YOUR HEAD, By **Ornette Coleman (Horizon/A&M SP-722)**. Known



as an inventor and practitioner of free jazz, Ornette Coleman has been a musical revolutionary for 20 years. Now he's 47, but he hasn't grown old gracefully, and he's still a revolutionary. O.C.'s free jazz isn't anarchic cacophony—it's cosmological blues, not unrelated to the metaphysics of Jimi Hendrix.

His new album comes from four years of research in musical physics (O.C.'s theory is harmolodics: "This means the rhythms, harmonies and tempos are all equal in relationship and independent melodies at the same time.") and field research in Jajouka, Morocco, where master musicians play the pipes of Pan just like they have for thousands of years, keeping the true spirit of panic alive. These pipers really get it on; they get on a trance, and it transports them to some strange regions of sussmentation.

This lp includes one track recorded live at Jajouka, featuring the master musicians, with Ornette on alto sax and Robert Palmer on clarinet. Anyone familiar with Brian Jones's Jajouka recording will recognize the ominous mystirian reed riffs of these swinging swamis. —Glenn O'Brien



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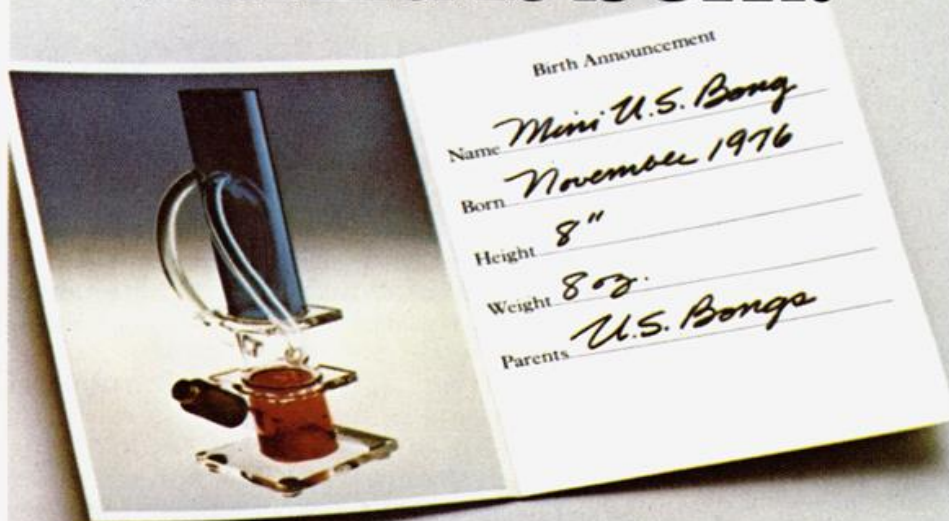
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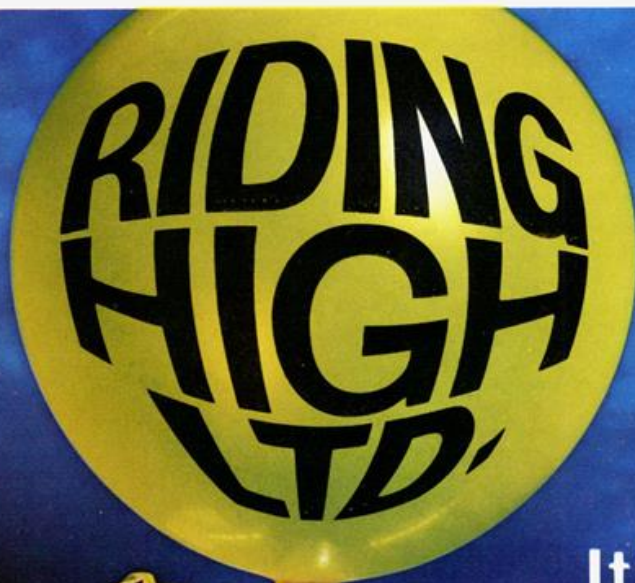


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The Primo Plant

Mountain Girl was Ken Kesey's main lady prankster, Jerry Garcia's old lady and a famed psychedelic San Franciscan. "Growing marijuana is a natural act," says Mountain Girl in her new book about organic sinsemilla cultivation, *The Primo Plant* (Berkeley: Leaves of Grass / Wingbow Press, \$4.50). The author includes hip



secret info on pot strains, composting, ground preparation, greenhouses, soil mixes, pruning and of course the erotic art of flowering, with all those sex pistils and steamy stamens.

—Bob Harris

Ecotopia

Americans have pondered for years what life would be like without the black, the Jew or the Irishman, but how many have considered dispensing with California? Author Ernest Callenbach did, and he created *Ecotopia: The Novel of Your Future* (New York: Bantam Books, \$1.95), predicting a fictional state comprised of secessionist Northern California, Oregon and Washington. *Ecotopia* often resembles a *Friends of the Earth* science-fiction fantasy, yet what we see of Ecotopia is in fact not very far-fetched.

Callenbach explores the new nation

BREAKDOWNS



From Maus to Now. An anthology of strips by art spiegelman

Breakdowns

Only now, with the publication of *Breakdowns* by longtime underground cult hero Art Spiegelman, can the twentieth century of comics be said to have begun. Spiegelman is obsessed with the formal nature of comics themselves; he's interested in what it means to see the world as a series of framed drawings; he's a two-dimensionalist who rejects the idea that cartoon panels can be an imitation of life and so draws diagrams of consciousness instead. Which sounds difficult, pretentious and arty, but actually *Breakdowns* is as funny as *Ulysses*, as interesting as *Guernica* and, at times, as ravishingly beautiful as *Le Sacre du Printemps* or even the *Mass in B Minor* by the Electric Prunes. At \$9.95 (plus \$1 postage), this oversize, hardbound avant-garde underground comic book is going to become one of the hottest collectors' items of the 1970s; you cannot be urged too strongly to order a copy immediately from Belier Press (Box C, Gracie Station, New York 10028).

—Eric Kibble



ECOTOPIA

the novel of your future

by Ernest Callenbach

through the character of Will Weston, on assignment in the year 1999 from the *New York Times-Post*. In *Ecotopia*, biological planning and rigid ecological economics have cultivated the ultimate "mellow" fascism. Even the vilest chores are done "with much laughter," and the national bird is the egret: it's sort of a laid-back Red China.

Callenbach writes about everything in *Ecotopia* except what kind of punch the California homegrown of 1999 packs. In the last pages of his account, Weston gets around to venturing that the legalization of dope is responsible for the best qualities in the Ecotopian personality—pretty thin tokens on a



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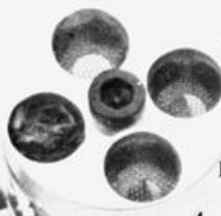
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mighty potent topic. What about Ecotopian dope smugglers? Nevertheless, Ecotopia should be studied as an operative tract on creating a new future for all of us. —Ed Dwyer

THE BIG PLAYER: How a Team of Blackjack Players Made a Million Dollars, by Ken Uston with Roger Rapoport (New York: Holt, Rinehart & Winston, \$7.95). From the gambling

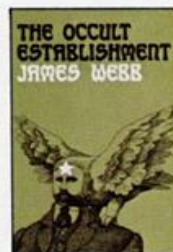


halls of Las Vegas to the shores of Dieppe, France, the travels, trials and tribulations of a professional blackjack team are spread out like a deck of cards across the faded green cloth of a "21" table. In this factual account of the book's intriguing subtitle, Uston relates how he was lured from his position as senior vice-president of the Pacific Stock Exchange to become Big Player for a "Mission Impossible"-styled group of dedicated gamblers.

Together they shared the gambler's ultimate dream of cleaning out a casino's coffers, inspired by the 1962 book *Beat the Dealer*, which revealed a math professor's successful computer-devised strategy based on "counting" the cards as exposed in play. Readers who dream of giving the casinos a "run for their money" can consult the detailed technical data included in a comprehensive appendix. For anyone out to beat the dealer, *The Big Player* discloses invaluable insight into the world of professional gambling, a world in which the "dealer" shuffles and deals cards instead of the more commonplace contraband.

—Shay Addams

THE OCCULT ESTABLISHMENT, by James Webb (La Salle, Illinois: Open Court, \$19.95). Yikes! Everything is



connected!!! Drugs, the Whole Earth Catalog, UFO cults, Mr. Natural, the I Ching, sci-fi, Zen, Krishna Consciousness, health food, rock 'n' roll synergy, Tolkien, pyramid power and parapsychology are our most obvious occult heritages, but an occult basis also exists for Einstein's physics, as well as for almost every literary or artistic movement of the twentieth century. Or so writes James Webb.

A case could even be made that the study of irrational behavior itself (psychoanalysis) is merely a secularized version of occult ideas in the air at the

time. More unnerving is Webb's suggestion that the occult shares many characteristics with fascism (both are antirational, antiindividual, reactionary), and that the same impulses leading to the formation of the Boy Scouts inspired Hitler Youth organizations. Webb's Berlin in 1939 had many notions in common with Haight-Ashbury in 1967.

The power of the occult search of "other realities," like the "Force" in *Star Wars*, is extremely susceptible to coercion. It is a servile force, indiscriminate and reckless while at the absolute mercy of its masters, all of them—gnostic, theosophist, Nazi or hippie—idealists seeking to set right the manifest evil of the world. And "The idealist," writes James Webb, "does not stop to think whether the source of the greatest good may not also be that of great evil."

—David Dalton

CATALOG OF MAGIC, by Marvin Kaye (New York: Dolphin Doubleday, \$5.95). If



you love magic, wholesomely and innocently, don't buy this book. But if you possess a lurid, irresistible urge to peek backstage at a magic show, to find out where the rabbit comes from or how a woman can digest dinner after

she's been sawed in half, then this illustrated handbook is just the trick. Kaye exposes the props used in magic acts—bottomless glasses, shaved playing cards, up-the-sleeve elastic bands, etc.—without giving away detailed secrets behind the tricks.

—Dean Latimer

PHENOMENA: A BOOK OF WONDERS, by John Michell and Robert J.M. Rickard (New York: Pantheon, \$10.95) is the classiest, most lavishly illustrated collection of



strange occurrences yet. Within are believe-it-or-not tales in which the sky rains blood, religious statues weep human tears and men fall from thunderclouds and walk on fire. Included is factual evidence of a series of inexplicable tunnel systems existing beneath a large portion of the earth's surface. The authors claim the hollow-earth theory could explain everything from mysterious disappearances to cattle mutilations. Maybe Charles Manson had the hollow-earth theory in mind when he led his family into the desert to search for a utopian underground helter-skelter fallout shelter.

—Barbara Jacobs

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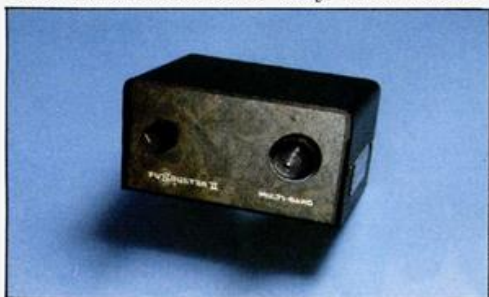


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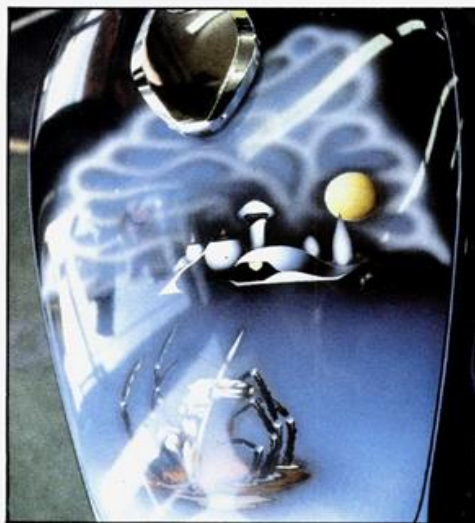


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Jack Abraham



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Pete Lippincott

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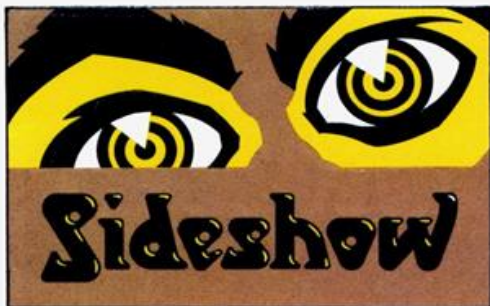
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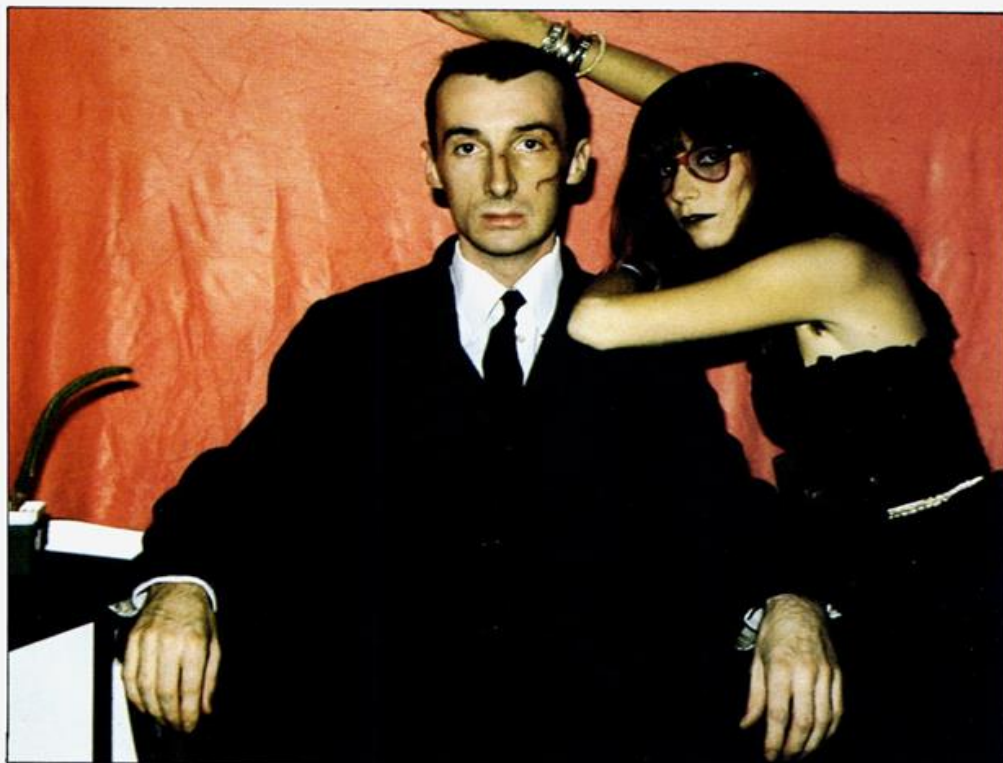
Jack Abraham

"Flash" spotlights the latest accouterments of the high life, including playthings, paraphernalia, instruments of pleasure, gadgets for your work and for your home—anything that adds zest and style to your day. If you know of an item that should be reviewed in this department, send it to the Flash editor. ☐



Our Punk in London

Having fled to the New World to avoid religious persecution (he believed in American money), Victor Bockris (28) recently jetted to England with the Ramones to compile the first guide to Punk London. One of America's top interviewers, Bockris's conversations with Susan Sontag, Salvador Dali, Keith Richard, Andy Warhol, Raquel Welch and Sissy Spacek have appeared in *High Times*, *People*, *Interview* and *Chic*. His proudest possession is a Heidelberg duelling scar earned in an affair of honor settled with a broken champagne glass.



Marica Resnick

Poe, the Filmmaker

First he made *Unmade Beds*, starring Debbie Blondie. Then he made *The Blank Generation*, starring all the big punks. Then he wrote "How to Make a Movie for \$10,000." He's Amos Poe, whose fans want more, more, more, though *Variety* says, "Nevermore." Born in Israel, Poe's now planning a regular television dramatic series, which he vows to deliver even if they make him spend more than ten Gs on it. We haven't actually seen *Unmade Beds*, but we wish we'd thought of it.



Bobby Grossman



Pete Lippincott

Smoke Screen

Many have speculated about the identity of our shadowy pseudonymous dope critic "R." His writings about dope, dealers and dope culture began to appear in the *Village Voice* in 1973, and the wily phantom first graced our pages with his "Interview with a Dope Taster" back in the Spring '75 issue. We advise readers to beware of con men who pose as "R" in order to cadge some free joints under the guise of being the *High Times* Dope Connoisseur. Only "R" himself is allowed to do this.



Auto-Portrait

Cover Boy

We picked Christopher Makos to do this month's cover mainly because he'd already done it. Taking Polaroids of Andy Warhol, Muhammad Ali, Patti Smith and the rest of this issue's stars, Makos whipped up a collage that assaults the eye and arrests the mind in a manner calculated to sell magazines. Makos, whose photographs have been shown at galleries in Milan, London, New York and all them big towns, is famous for his book *White Trash*, in which a lot of white skin shows up on black leather. Chris is fast, efficient and dangerous; "the camera is a knife," he says. He is considered one of the most exciting people to party with in New York, and having your picture taken by him is one of the last great status symbols of the Seventies. ■

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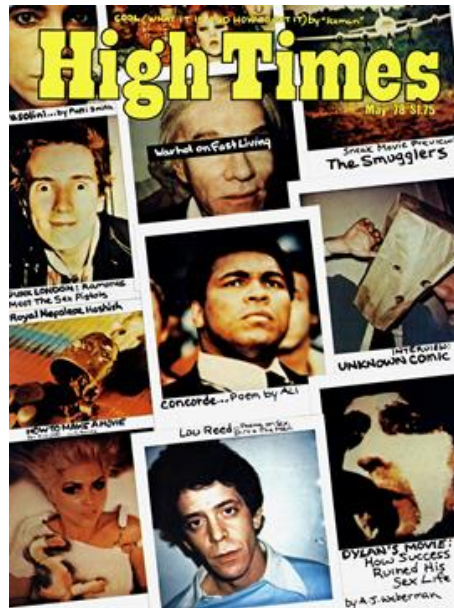
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